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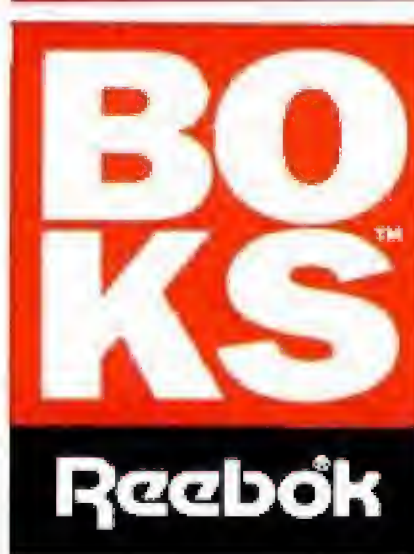
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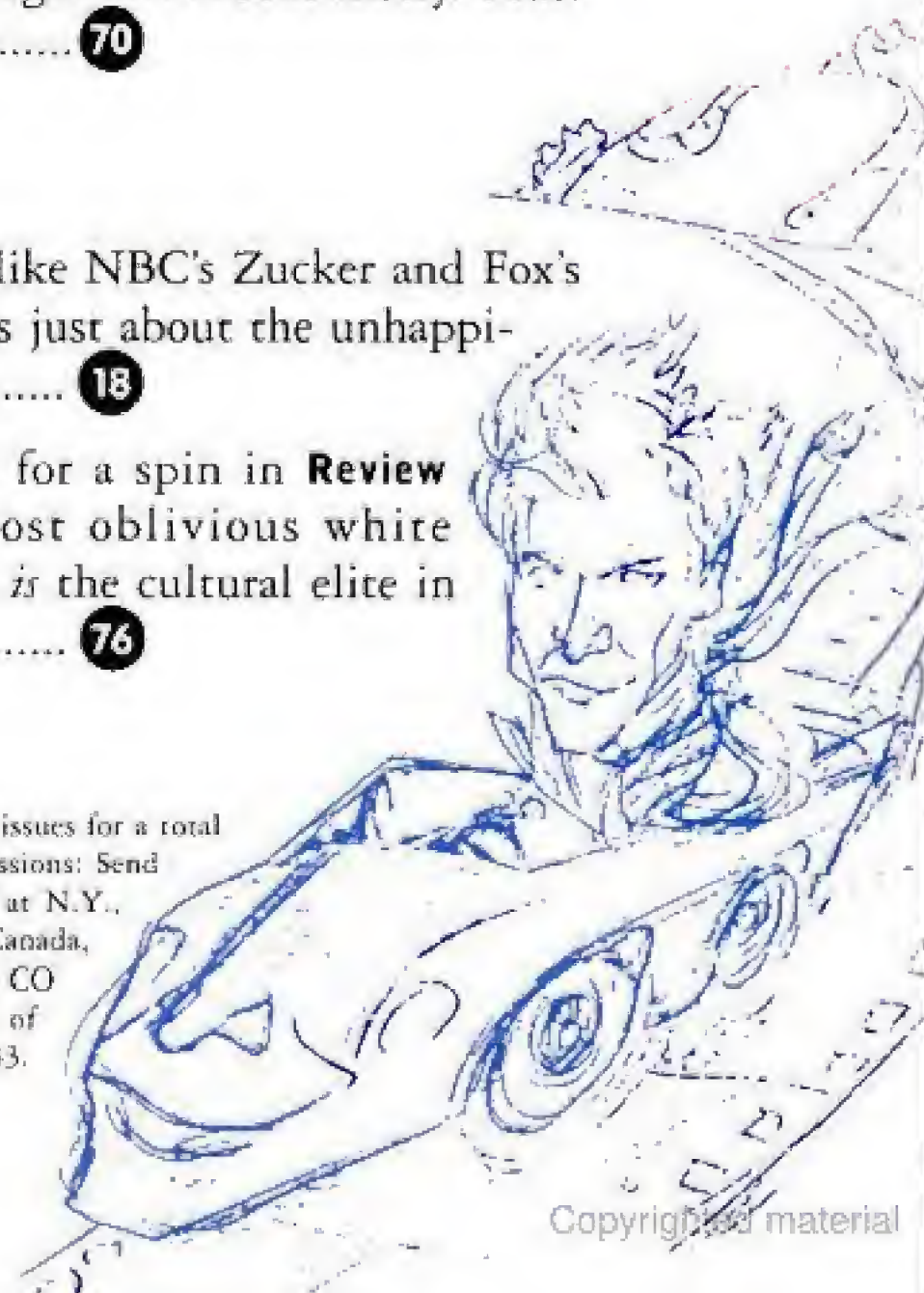
► JAMES COLLINS takes *Patriot Games* out for a spin in **Review of Reviewers**; EDWARD ZUCKERMAN talks to America's most oblivious white impersonator of Negroes in **Entertainment**; and ROY BLOUNT JR. is the cultural elite in **Live White Male** 76

SPY (ISSN 0890-1759) is published monthly with combined July-August and December-January issues for a total of ten issues annually. © 1992 by SPY Corp., 5 Union Square West, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. Submissions: Send with SASE to same address. For advertising sales, call 212-633-6550. Second-class postage paid at N.Y., N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Annual subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, \$14.75; Canada, U.S.\$25; foreign, U.S.\$35. Postmaster: Send address changes to SPY, P.O. Box 57397, Boulder, CO 80321-7397. For subscription information, call 800-333-8128. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. ♻ Canada GST Reg. No. R129021093. Canada Post Int'l Mail Publication No. 0003433.

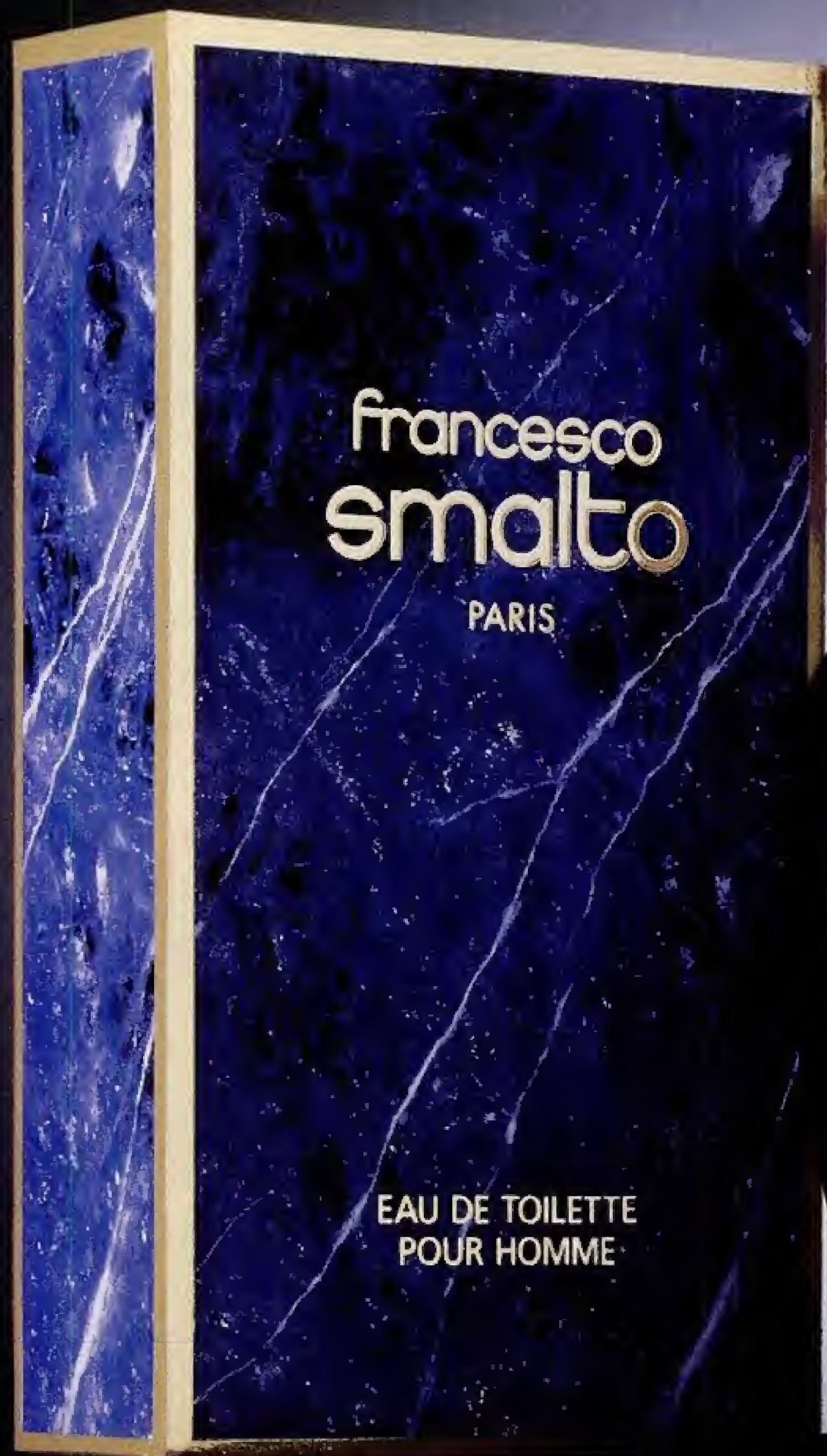
THE COVER

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Great Expectations



JEEPERS: IT'S THE END OF THE CENTURY—THE *FIN*, AS WE *FAUX*

Francophones like to say, *de siècle*. Or is it merely the fin de fiscal year 1992? In any case, dread and a kind of thrilled uncertainty is epidemic in Washington, in the Balkans, in the Condé Nast editorial offices. We are living in the age of the chronic tremor, with everybody waiting for their par-

Jeepers: It's the end



ticular Big One: Will Santa Monica finally slide into the Pacific? Will the stock market finally free-fall? Will the Republicans finally be driven from the White House? Many people (or, anyhow, we) have lately become addicted to stomach-turningly abrupt change. With an endless recession, what else is there to do for fun? Plus, it helps those of us in the keeping-your-edge professions keep our edge. Everybody's falling through trapdoors lately, from Robert Gottlieb of *The New Yorker* (who was purged for opposing radical change) to Ross Perot (who evidently wasn't really devoted to radical change). Then there's Arthur Gelb, the ex-*Times* managing editor who has always, officially and otherwise, helped decide which playwrights and actors and directors get Tony awards; suddenly he and 8 other members of the 12-person Tony nominating committee are out. Some theater people were calling it a "bloodbath," but Harvey Sabinson, the executive director of the League of Am-

A SPECIAL USER'S GUIDE TO THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE

For best results (and hours of rainy-day fun!), first lightly sand the image with sandpaper, mix the appropriate shades of acrylic paint and apply with a No. 4 round-tipped brush. For readers with lives to lead, a better approach might be to use the following colors from Crayola's 64-crayon box: White in areas marked 1, Bittersweet in areas marked 2, Wild Strawberry in areas marked 3, Gray with Bittersweet pinstripes in areas marked 4, Black with Bittersweet pinstripes in areas marked 5 and 6. Press hard.



SEPTEMBER 1992 SPY 7

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"There's only one Frank Sinatra."—New York mayoral candidate Andrew Stein, justifying spending his fundraiser \$85,948 on Sinatra's travel arrangements to appear at



Great Expectations

erican Theaters and Producers, tut-tutted, "Bloodbaths are what happen in Bosnia and Herzegovina. This is only show business."

Only show business? The man just doesn't get it: *It's by harnessing the tremendous untapped power of show business that today's young people will discover about, you know, foreign policy and stuff.* This is an axiom of the fin de siècle that the general manager of Fox TV's San Diego affiliate, it goes without saying, understands exquisitely. "How are we going to present news to 22-year-olds?" he wonders as his network tries to set up a news division. "How does Bosnia-Herzegovina impact on them?"

In other words, genocide in the Balkans simply does not pull a big number, with or without *Studs* as a lead-in, since it violates Show Business Rule No. 1: *The audience must identify with the characters.* Even Crips shooting Koreans in downtown Los Angeles lacked the necessary story beats and production val-

ues to satisfy local audiences: KNBC in L.A. has announced that the riots in South-Central last May—*sweeps* month!—were a ratings disaster, and that as a direct result, the station's whole approach to news coverage may be radically changed. So don't ever tell us that the white establishment hasn't responded boldly and forthrightly to the crisis in the cities.

Ross Perot's summer stall and pathetic, dissembling retreat was due, of course, to his neglect of Show Business Rule No. 2: *Have a second act.* And true to the fin de siècle, he evaporated *fast*—on Monday black New York congressman Charles Rangel publicly declared that "Ross Perot is merely a white cracker"; on Tuesday a New York-based satirical magazine made fun of him in a parody at the Democratic convention; and on Thursday he quit. By the way, isn't *white cracker* a rather shocking (and redundant) racial slur for a congressman to use? Right-wing Cali-

fornia congressman Robert Dornan's recent racist quip, on the other hand, was a fresh combo-slur against a racial-gender subset. "Every lesbian spearchucker in this country is hoping I get defeated," he said. (*Spearchucker*, he insisted later, has no racial connotation.)

The white cracker Bill Clinton spent the early summer mortifying himself in the fin de siècle fashion, appearing on *Arsenio* and MTV. George Bush (who grasps none of the show business rules except, intermittently, No. 3, *It all starts with the writing*) derided Clinton's summer bookings as "these weird little talk shows." "I *like* these weird little talk shows," Clinton responded, and no wonder—they've worked for him, bringing over those citizens who can accept the notion of a smirking, Elvisy president if he smirks and grooves *openly*, on late-night TV, and not just one-on-one in Little Rock condo love nests. Imagine: If Adlai Stevenson had understood the tremendous un-

If looks
aren't everything,
why are plastic surgeons
so busy?

tapped power of ham radios back in 1956—*Roger wilco, I said I think I could deal effectively with Khrushchev, do you copy me, Waco?*—he might be a dead president today.

The business of fin de siècle America is show business. That explains PepsiCo's recent decision to open a Taco Bell in Mexico City. And explains some French TV geniuses' announcement that they want to translate and reshoot the teleplays of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* with French actors. This isn't some contemptuous postmodern Gallic caprice—they're serious, as earnest as they would be about a remake of *The Nutty Professor* starring Mickey Rourke. "*Mary Tyler Moore*," says one of the would-be producers, "was so well written, it's like part of American literature."


But if remarks made by certain senior U.S. senators are any indication, no matter how much fondness he professes for Mary Richards and Mr. Grant, a Frenchman who can't speak English would not be wel-

comed should he wish to move here. "I pick up the telephone and call the local garage," Democratic senator Robert Byrd complained during a debate on federal aid to immigrants. "I can't understand the person on the other side of the line. They're all over the place, and they don't speak English. Do we want more of this?" Our support for Byrd's position will be contingent on an amendment outlawing Mort Zuckerman's Canadian pronunciations when he's on TV pontificating about U.S. politics. And it does seem improbable that Byrd, a *West Virginian*, is railing against untutored, weirdly accented English.

So you have to speak English to please some senators—but if you speak it too well, you'll offend others. Robert Dole, who supports a reduction in federal subsidies to public broadcasting (we're hoping for an amendment that would cut funding only for programs Mort Zuckerman appears on), thinks

PBS is too darned smart. PBS viewers, Dole complained, are "affluent, highly educated, the movers and shakers, the socially conscious and the well informed. What about the rest of us?" When the world is divided between fans of the World Wrestling Federation and Bill Moyers buffs, it's hard to pick sides.

"I can't define exactly what *cultural elite* means," our president says, "but I know it when I see it." Would that ad hoc definition include a Yalie whose wife's good works revolve around promoting books? Or how about a draft-dodging, no-doubt-pot-smoking newspaper heir who recently read *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* and said of Malcolm, "I can see it from his perspective"—would *he* count as a member of the cultural elite? Even if he's Dan Quayle? This is the fin de something, that's for sure, and it seems that Bush and Quayle have never heard Show Business Rule No. 4: *Quit while you're ahead.* ☾



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Of all the satirical magazines in all the cities in all the world, Keith G. Manring of *Casablanca* writes in to ours and asks, "Could you reconsider the name of your magazine?" It seems our name has made the local authorities suspicious. Keith's December issue, which didn't reach him in Morocco until March, arrived with the envelope torn open and "covered in cryptic French scrawls." He adds, "If future envelopes were labeled *Tent & Oasis* or *International Camel Breeder*, I would breathe easier the next time I went through a Sureté roadblock." Sorry, Keith, we stick our necks out for nobody.

Did we run a NEW MAGAZINE TITLES WANTED notice recently and forget or something? A "former magazine publisher," who insists that we not use his name, has sent a completely serious suggestion—"free of charge, in the interest of making *spy* better and insuring its longevity....Add a subline to *spy*—something like *The Antidote to Bullshit and Hype*—and, over time, make it more prominent. At the opportune moment, switch from *spy* to *Bullshit*." Accompanying this switch would be a bold new cover design: "Put a striking image in the center...and run the following headline (or variant) underneath it: WHO'S HE KIDDING? For example, for a picture of Madonna, you'd say, WHO'S SHE KIDDING? Or for a map of the United States, you'd say, WHO ARE WE KIDDING? Crazy as it may seem [*sic*], I suggest you adopt this approach for every issue."

Crazy as it may seem, we're going to stick with *spy*; the problems of two readers don't amount to a hill of beans in this world. Unless the problem happens to be scent strips. In June we ran a scent-strip perfume ad, and a number of readers have ▶

Letters to SPY

Gorillas In Our Midst

You have covered the devolution of Auberon Waugh from Evelyn Waugh ["The Descent of Man," by James Collins, June], but have you met Daisy Waugh? I have been informed that she is a descendant of the author of *A Handful of Dust*, and in the April 1987 *Tatler* she offered up a description of her visits to a London spa that is quite, uh, unforgettable. Here's a short excerpt:

She switches off the sweating lights and peels off the plastic blanket. I scratch my nose and look down. I am lying in an *ocean* of sweat. It doesn't make you feel like Bo Derek.

There's lots more, including references to "pinching my elbows and finding lumps of deformed fat" and "strange women rubbing seaweed into your bosoms."

Christina Moret

Mahopac, New York

Daisy obviously belongs in a book by her grandfather.

I found the June cover photo of the Arnold family confusing. Though I think the photo was intended to illustrate "The Descent of Man," in my opinion it provided evidence supporting Darwin's theory of evolution...at least in the Arnold family.

John Sollitto

Brooklyn, New York

Lavender Mob

Concerning your June story on Sam Gravano ["Raving Bull," by John Lombardi], I'd like to inform you I was misquoted. John Lombardi says Sam used to box with a former fighter of mine named Tyrone Jackson and "had to be restrained from

banging too hard" on Tyrone, a former pro who "could have *knocked him out* any time he felt like it." Tyrone and Sam *never* boxed each other, and being that Tyrone is 130 pounds and Gravano 190, Gravano would have had an advantage, to put it mildly. Sam's son Gerard, whom I trained later after Sam was first arrested, was 15 years old and 135 pounds, and he used to box with Tyrone. I am no fan of Sam Gravano's, but I do like the truth to be told, especially when my name is attached to it.

Teddy Atlas

Staten Island, New York

John Lombardi replies, "In our two-hour telephone interview between Paris and New York in April, Mr. Atlas and I ranged over a number of subjects, and I apparently misunderstood him on the matter of Sammy Gravano's sparring partner. Whoever the unnamed sparmate was, I salute him, and apologize to all concerned, although it is not that unusual for boxers of lighter weights to get in with big guys—you do it for the speed. And Gravano is certainly no taller than a lightweight."

John Lombardi may have earned a cement-shoe fitting, along with a swimming lesson in the East River, for himself and the editors of *SPY*. Likewise, it seems that the surveillance-tape picture of Sammy Gravano grabbing his crotch in the presence of (not "with") John Gotti is uncalled for, as Gravano may only have had an itch in that region, having nothing to do with homosexuality.

Archbishop Edward Payne

Metropolitan-Exarch, The

Independent Old Roman

Catholic Hungarian Orthodox

Church Exarchate

Wethersfield, Connecticut

Next month: our shocking exposé of the

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written to ask that we exclude strips from their issues. If you would prefer not to have them in your future issues, simply send us a note to that effect c/o "Circulation."

We'll always have Hunter College High School. Gena Feist is a name we haven't heard in a while. In July 1989 (has it really been that long? And we're still working in the mailroom?) we received her first letter. For the next year or so our friendship with Gena blossomed, Halbfingerlike, to the point where we were even relaying messages between her and her father. Suddenly, Gena dropped out of sight (was it *Vanity Fair*, or were there others in between? Or aren't you the kind that tells?). Now, out of nowhere, Charles Ardai of Manhattan writes to inform us of the recent five-year reunion of the Hunter College High School Class of '87—Gena's class—and its luminaries: "One of us does animation for MTV; one did a video special for VH-1; one is an award-winning mystery/horror writer; one appeared in a Gap bus-shelter ad; and one is Gena Feist, known to the world from numerous appearances in the SPY Mailroom column." What can we say after all this time, except, **Wow! A Gap bus-shelter ad!**

The Germans wore gray, Pat Buchanan wore his underwear. The Naturist Society ("Body acceptance is the idea. Nude recreation is the way") has written to commend us, naturally, for our Buchanan cover photo (May). They've also sent a transcript of *The McLaughlin Group* from July 14, 1991, the Sunday of National Nude Weekend, in which Buchanan offered his views on skinny-dipping: "I think we ought to let the liberals do it, where they want to do it...then take pictures and use them in attack ads in 1992." Incidentally, we sent a copy of the magazine to Buchanan and asked if he'd autograph it for us, which, to our delight, he did. His aide, Jamie T. Burke, returned the signed copy along with a note reading, "I have to admit, I was a little reluctant to ask Mr. ►

Independent Old Roman Catholic Hungarian Orthodox Church Exarchate.

Since you usually do a good job of skewering the self-important with wit, I hope the Gravano piece was the last of its kind. Outing an institution of homophobic brutes is fine, but I was irritated by 1,600 words of what essentially amounted to *Fagg-it, fagg-it*, including a crack about someone fighting like a "male nurse." What a—*seventies* turn of phrase. Can we buy Lombardi a 1992 thesaurus, please? And can you send a gay writer to do the job next time?

Joan Hilty
San Francisco, California

Something for Everyone

I laughed aloud as I perused your summary of the *thirtysomething* episodes that weren't to be ["missingsomething," by Jamie Malanowski, June]. However, a season without an episode featuring the young, maudlin Ethan, and his Weltschmerz affliction, would simply not be complete. Oh, well, maybe next year!

William T. Gallo
Little Rock, Arkansas

Really enjoyed your "lost episodes of *thirtysomething*" in the June issue. Enjoyed it almost as much as our "*thirtysomething*—the lost episodes," which ran in *Philadelphia* magazine last November. Now, we're not whining or even intimating that our version was *better* than yours. Just earlier. And who can ever have too many peeks into Hope's secret life?

Eliot Kaplan

Editor

Philadelphia magazine

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sorry, we'd somehow let our subscription to *Philadelphia* lapse.

Shoah Business

Jerry Lewis had the courage to try something different ["Jerry Goes to Death Camp," by Bruce Handy, May]. You attacked an uncompleted

film via secondhand reports. You may have opened a new vista in media bashing—the ridicule of an artist's unfinished work.

Jeff Wayne

Arleta, California

Nice try, Mr. Wayne, but Robert De Niro is not going to play you in a movie.

Concerning the supposed love we French people feel for Jerry Lewis, I first became aware of this alleged national "disease" when I moved to the U.S. and everybody started to attack me about it. Let me set the record straight: We do *not* love, even *like*, Jerry Lewis, and I have never met anybody in France who does.

Anne Quillevéré

East Lansing, Michigan

What's In a Name

I spent a sleepless night after reading the confessions of Ron McRae ["Beyond Gonzo," June]. I have the feeling he cost me a job.

In 1980, I got a temporary job as a copy editor on the foreign desk of *The Washington Post*. In the fall I was interviewed for a full-time position on the news desk. Both the news editor and the managing editor told me I was going to be hired. They just had to get Ben Bradlee to sign off, which they indicated would be a formality. Bradlee interviewed me for five minutes. "I've heard of you before," he said, staring intently. "Where have I heard of you?" The best I could come up with was that he had been one of my judges when I won an Alicia Patterson Foundation fellowship in 1974. The next day Bradlee vetoed my hire. My friends at the *Post* were stunned, and I was crushed. It was the only place I wanted to be in journalism. Now I am left to wonder whether Bradlee had me confused with this insidious doppelgänger, whose reputation was undoubtedly larger than mine.

Ron McCrea

Assistant news editor

Newsday

Port Washington, New York ►

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Buchanan to autograph this one. However, it seemed to be rather goodnatured about the whole thing." Yes, you read that correctly: *it*.

Five issues into it, we're ready to address the subject of SPY's streamlining. Ed Bell of Newton, Massachusetts, notes that "in contrast to the 160-page issues of the late eighties—say, my first encounter in April 1989—the latest issues weigh in at only 89 pages." (Bob Vivian of Chico, California, not only noticed our new binding but is hip to magazine lingo and correctly identified this as "a switch from perfect-bound to saddle-stitch.") We have two responses to Mr. Bell's letter: (1) Ed, you may have noticed that this isn't the late eighties anymore (are *you* better off than you were four years ago?); (2) if your first issue had been from October 1986 to June 1988, you would have instantly recognized the trim, forest-preserving, saddle-stitched magazine you hold in your hands for what it is—SPY Classic. We hope this can be the continuation of a beautiful friendship. ☺

CORRECTION

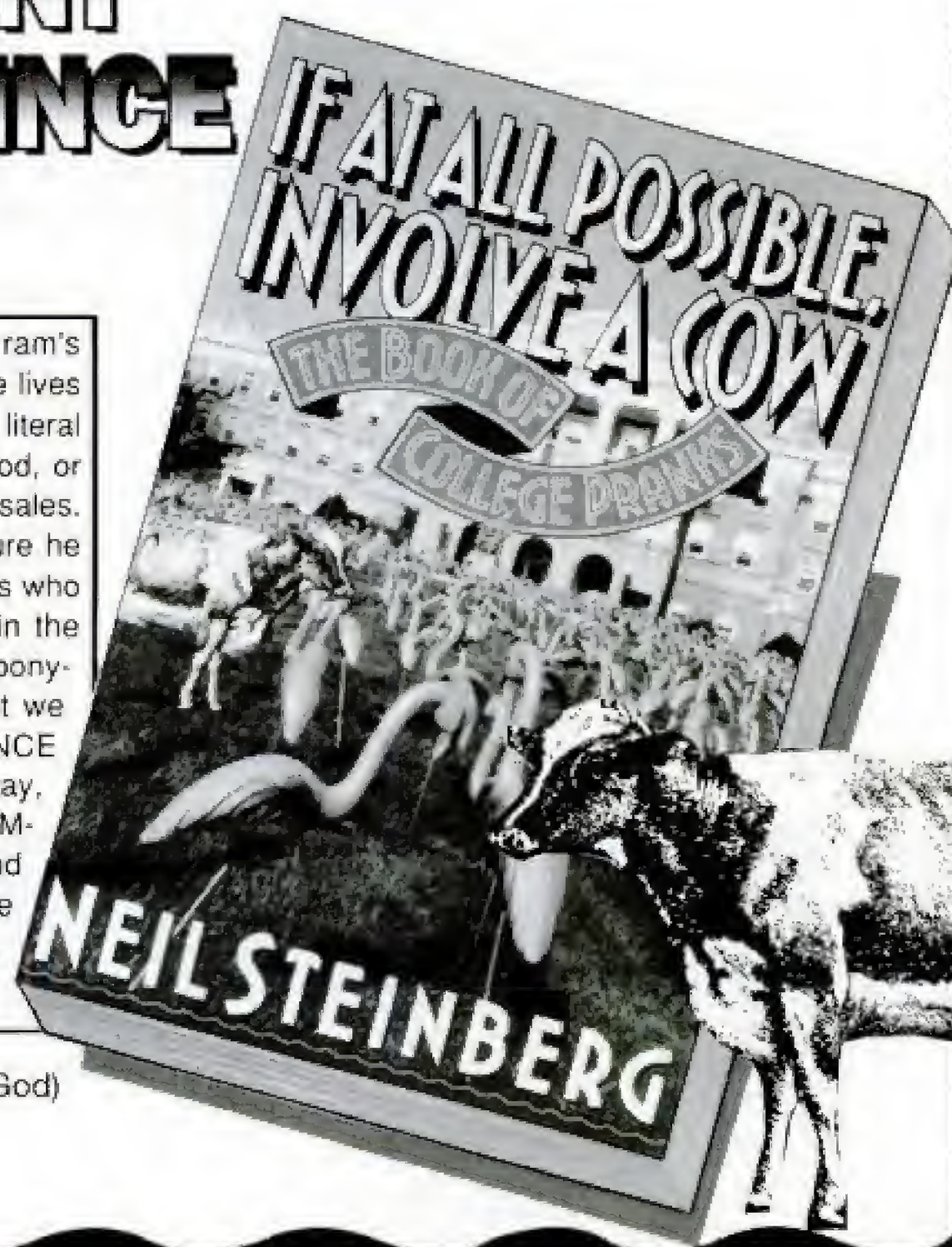
In May's "Shame & Fortune," a photograph of Rep. Robert J. Lagomarsino was incorrectly identified as Rep. F. James Sensenbrenner. SPY regrets the error. ☺

Photographs Wanted

SPY is accepting submissions for a new Photos to the Editor section. Amusing, amazing, revealing, intriguing and otherwise appropriate photographs are welcome. (All material submitted becomes the property of SPY Corporation, and may be published by SPY in any form. SPY is not responsible for lost or damaged prints or transparencies.) Send all photos, with any necessary explanatory text, to Photos to the Editor, SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. ☺

THE MOST IMPORTANT PUBLISHING EVENT SINCE THE BIBLE*

*which of course, was not exactly published, but laboriously hand-copied in ram's blood by zealous scribes, but it is an extremely important book that changed the lives of many people. Charlton Heston, for instance, and has been taken to be the literal word of God. Not that we're saying that this new book is the literal word of God, or anything. That could be considered blasphemous, which wouldn't be good for sales. Of course I guess you could say that Gutenberg "published" his bible—you figure he had to have made some bucks on the printing press deal, unlike the Irish monks who toiled in grim obscurity all those centuries, drawing little demons and birds in the margins—but I don't know if you could call it "publishing" in the modern sense, pony-tailed Bennington grads sipping Pellegrino at 4 Seasons, and all that. What we should have said was "THE MOST IMPORTANT PUBLISHING EVENT SINCE *AMERICAN PSYCHO*!" but that would have deflated the grandeur a bit. Anyway, we were going to describe this book we're hyping here in glowing terms ("COMPELLING," "EXPLOSIVE" "HAIR RAISING," "NOT SINCE JOAN DIDION," and like that) but we could only afford this half-page in *Spy* so we'll just note that, like God, *If At All Possible, Involve a Cow* is everywhere well, almost everywhere. (There are always a few malcontents that try to ruin it for everybody.)



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S T . M A R T I N ' S P R E S S

Photos to the Editor



Ski-goggle revivalist and professional widow Yoko Ono with art dealer Mary Boone. By Henry McGee, Greenwich, Connecticut.

Senator Alan Dixon of Illinois before losing his seat earlier this year; clowns surround and frighten Lynn Martin, George Bush's Labor secretary. By Andrew T. Balazs, Chicago.



Bo Diddley warms up with a new acquaintance in his dressing room between shows. By David Jarrett, Farmville, Virginia.

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Other Voices, Other Letters

Your Joe Kennedy driving-and-cat-calling story [The Usual Suspects, April] may be part of a larger pattern. Only days after William Kennedy Smith was accused of rape, I was driving on C Street SE past the congressional office buildings and saw a green convertible with Massachusetts congressional plates speed past me on the left. Looking over, I was not surprised to see Joe Kennedy. As I approached C Street and S. Capitol, the light turned red, yet Joe kept on going, making a right turn from the left lane. I followed him onto I-395 heading toward Virginia and saw him get off near L'Enfant Plaza, before the highway splits off into the Twin Bridges. Hmmm—maybe those Kennedys *do* learn from the mistakes of their predecessors.

Andrew Wender Cohen
 Chicago, Illinois


The Review of Reviewers is the scariest column I know of in magazines today. Keep up the good work.

Tony Powell
 New York

Tragically, Review of Reviewers writer Humphrey Greddon was in an accident abroad and found dead in Venice, or so we have decided to assert. Starting this month, James Collins replaces him.

Self-styled historian Suzanne Winterberger [Letters to SPY, June] is not alone in confusing Eugene McCarthy with the Communist-hunting Joseph McCarthy. When I worked in the Chicago office of Eugene McCarthy's 1968 presidential campaign, we frequently got checks made out to Joseph McCarthy, usually with the notation "Keep up the good work!" We cashed them.

Carol Diehl
 New York

Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. 



AQUATIME

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-PEOPLE MAGAZINE, JUNE '92

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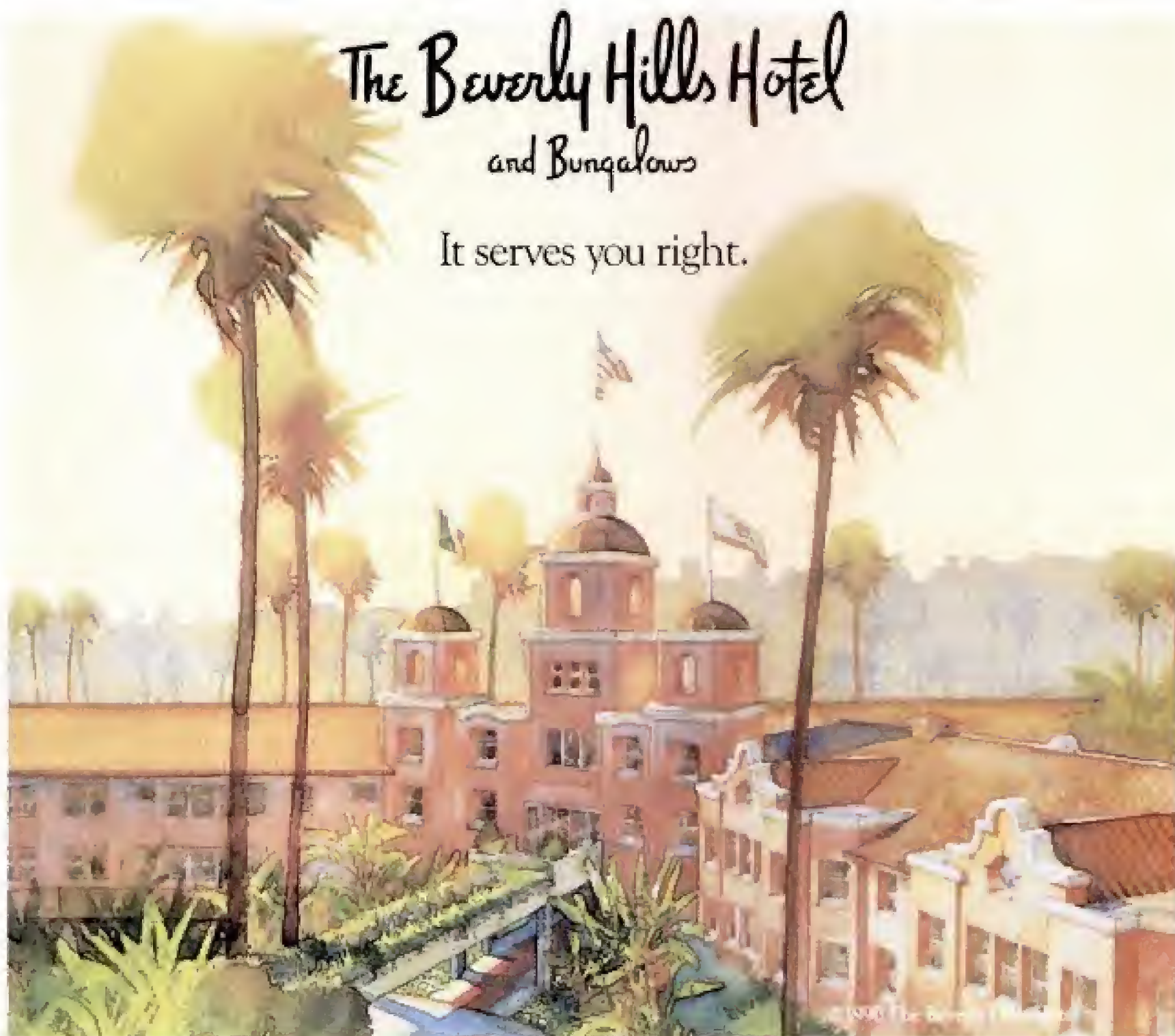


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Every Unhappy Studio Is Unhappy in Its Own Way

With some households, family problems are matters of widespread public knowledge. Everyone knows that Fox, Universal and Disney are racked with anxiety over, respectively, the job security of Joe Roth, the testiness of the Japanese and the existence of Jeffrey Katzenberg. At Paramount, on the other hand, all appears quiet from the outside—*too* quiet. It is behind closed doors that the studio resembles a dysfunctional family.

This is in large measure thanks to Stanley Jaffe. In the two years since he took over as the underboss of Paramount Communications (where, unknown to most, he is also overseer of Simon & Schuster), Jaffe has not only gained 100 pounds but also transformed himself from a classy, respected New York-based independent producer into a screaming, bullying New York-based studio head. A primary—but by no means only—target of his tantrums is Brandon Tartikoff, the man running Paramount Pictures day to day. Jaffe harangues Tartikoff chronically, mortifyingly, screaming at him about his movies, his employees, about pretty much everything.

Even talented producers are not exempt from the power-mad Jaffe's bellowings. When Scott Rudin, who made *The Addams Family* and *Sister Act*, was recruited for the No. 2 spot under Tartikoff, Jaffe telephoned him and, Rudin told friends, denigrated his abilities. (He passed on the job.) Rudin is himself known for his frequent, spectacular fits of pique [see "Hollywood Pests," page 58], so if he thinks someone's a schmuck, watch out. Others who've found Jaffe unbearable include director Lili Zannuck, who is still angry with him since she took her movie *Rush* to MGM—she has said that he treated her horribly during preproduction at Paramount. He has reportedly even been high-handed toward his former producing partner, Sherry Lansing, who has a deal at Paramount.

When Jaffe isn't ranting at someone, it is believed by some at Para-

mount that his son Bob, the 26-year-old vice president, is lurking around keeping an eye on the ranks and reporting to Dad. But not all Tartikoff's problems are Jaffe-related. He still has trouble disabusing the Hollywood establishment of the idea that you can take the executive out of TV, but you can't take TV out of the executive.

At a meeting last year, Robert Benton (*Billy Bathgate*, *Places in the Heart*) announced he wanted to direct a stylish, atmospheric psychological thriller with a female villain, a Frenchish film—did Brandon have any ideas? Tartikoff reportedly offered brightly that he'd had an idea that very morning: *an evil substitute teacher!*

When Tartikoff does have good ideas, they now have to get past dim-witted Bill Bernstein, head of business affairs. Bernstein was president and CEO of Orion while it was being run into the ground, and at Paramount his most notable achievement has been mucking around with the only

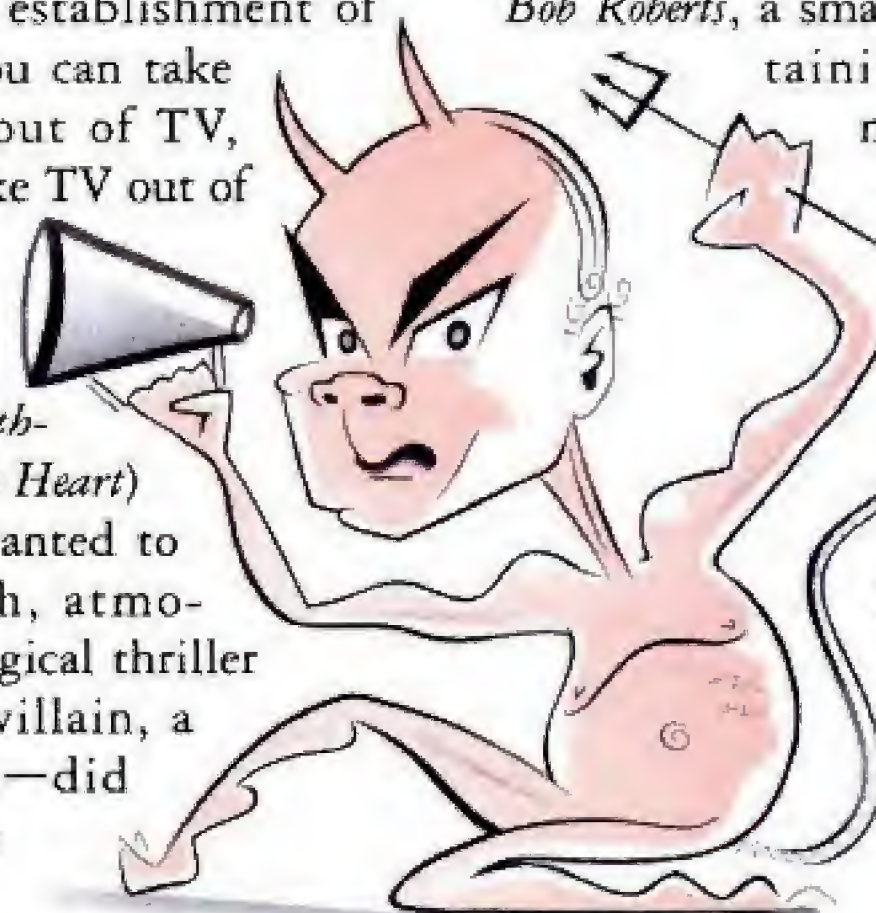
definite Christmas release, *Leap of Faith*. The project, which Tartikoff ordered up, stars Steve Martin and Debra Winger; it was originally to be produced by Danny "the Ooze" Melnick, who made Martin's *L.A. Story*. Melnick says he had been promised a fee of \$750,000 and set up the production on good faith. Bernstein insists they had set the price at \$500,000. When the parties couldn't agree, Paramount called in another producer, forcing Melnick off the picture two days before shooting started this summer.

This fall, Paramount is distributing Tim Robbins's directorial debut, *Bob Roberts*, a smart and often enter-

taining *faux* documentary. But the film is a commercially iffy project: Alas, lots of people, even in the business—maybe especially in the business—simply don't get political satire, including, it seems, Robbins's agent. While schmoozing with Miramax's Harvey Weinstein in Cannes, she sighed, "I don't know how many people we lost with that foot-tap-

ping scene. It definitely has to be cut." That foot-tapping scene, toward the end of the film, is an absolutely crucial plot point.

Working for Jaffe and alongside Bernstein—it could hardly get worse, but it actually did briefly,



Stanley

Jaffe harangues Tartikoff chronically, screaming at him about his movies, his employees, everything

when Tartikoff hired Debra Hill, the co-producer of *The Fisher King*, to be one of his vice presidents. Tartikoff picked her up around the time of the *Wayne's World* giddiness. Maybe having a hit movie about a blithely self-confident cretin made him think one would work in the executive ranks. She was, mercifully, gone after three months on the job.

Heading up and rounding out the Paramount family is, of course, the increasingly high-strung Marty Davis, chairman of Paramount Communications in New York. Paramount has been sitting on billions in cash for three years now, but he can't seem to buy anything, partly because potential acquirees are so disinclined to work for him. It's not just the brutality, which at least matches Jaffe's—it's his paranoid trigger finger and Machiavellian relentlessness. Not only did he pull Paramount's ads from *Daily Variety* following a bad review of *Patriot Games*, but he picks on individuals too, going out of his way to make

life difficult for Wall Street entertainment-industry analysts who have the nerve to offer honest comments about Paramount's status. His manipulations are not entirely successful, however. Despite years of positive press from *The Wall Street Journal's* Laura Landro, for whom he has been an important source, he can't quite get Wall Street to push up his company's stock price—a goal dear to him personally, since Davis owns 1.4 million shares, worth \$56 million.

Trims and Ends: What's happening with Disney's un-Disney-like big-name independent producers? The only film produced by Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer since *Days of Thunder* two years ago is that odd, overproduced home movie featuring Don, Jann Wenner and pals on the ski slopes. Don and Jerry have been unable to get their J. Edgar Hoover biopic or their mob movie into production, and their Disney deal is thought by some at the studio to be in trouble.

Disney may be onto something,

though. Over the July 4 weekend, Jeff "Sparky" Katzenberg was spending time with Steven Spielberg in East Hampton. Spielberg is still devoted to his old patrons, Sid Sheinberg at Universal and Steve Ross at Warner Bros. (Spielberg's East Hampton home was decorated by Mrs. Ross, and among Spielberg's and Sparky's weekend hangouts was Nick & Toni's, the restaurant owned by Ross's son-in-law.) But Sheinberg's tenure looks somewhat unsure right now, and Ross is ill. Might Spielberg, the modern-day Walt, be talking to Katzenberg about decamping to Disney?

Finally, back to producer turned executive turned producer Debra Hill, who recently told an acquaintance, "I know who Celia Brady is. It's that gossip columnist—Liz, Liz..." Liz Smith? "Yes," she said with finality. "Liz Smith is Celia Brady." See you Monday night at Mortons, Debra. I'll be the old doughy one kissing everybody's ass.

—Celia Brady



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Wunderkind? Enfant Terrible? Or Brat?

Let it be said for Bryant Gumbel that early this summer, when the pregnant Filipino hermaphrodite he'd interviewed a few days earlier was revealed to be a man wearing a fake belly, Gumbel did apologize to his viewers. Still, one can't help asking what he was doing interviewing a pregnant Filipino hermaphrodite in the first place. This was just one of the news-savvy touches of Jeff Zucker, the *Today* show's 27-year-old executive producer and bratty child star. Zucker has dressed up cohost Katie Couric like a cowgirl and sat her on a bale of hay and has allowed her to sing along with a *faux* nightclub singer named Bud E. Luv. With such inspirations, Zucker, who took over last December, has put the show back into first place in the ratings.

Before the hermaphrodite episode, another lurid hoax may have succeeded while young Zucker was in command. Several months ago *Today* put a man on the air who claimed to have had sex for money with "Uncle" Ed Savitz, the AIDS-infected alleged child molester who was charged in Philadelphia with sexual abuse of children, indecent assault and corrupting the morals of a minor. NBC paid for him to stay at a Manhattan luxury hotel, where he feasted on room service. Gumbel was the interviewer. Unfortunately, sources at the show say a *Today* researcher failed to do his homework and may have been conned by the interviewee. *Today* declined to comment.

Even those *Today* personnel who loathe him concede that Zucker, who ran *The Harvard Crimson* in 1986, is smart. The follicularly challenged producer's management methods leave a good deal to be desired, however. He always finds time to belittle underlings, screaming things like *I told you that already!* And except for Couric, whom he worships, and Gumbel, whom he respects, Zucker is chilly, dismissive and cruel, even to talent.

Perhaps a telling illustration of the affection he engenders among

his troops was the birthday gag gift he received from a staff member this past May: a jokey roulette wheel to hang on his door, with legends on the order of I'M NOT HERE, GO AWAY, FUCK OFF and so on. He didn't hang it up.

Zucker's interpersonal skills have no doubt served him well as he has risen to his present position, though. When *Today's* former executive producer, Tom Capra, was on his way out, speculation about his successor centered on Zucker and a 30-ish senior producer named Bob Wheelock. When Zucker took over, NBC handed Wheelock the consolation prize of London bureau chief. When a colleague congratulated him on the new job, Wheelock responded, *Yeah, but it'll take six months to get the knives out of my back.*

The one person Zucker treats with devotion is Couric. He will

not allow the tiniest criticism of or suggestion to her by the staff. In fact, Couric has to ask friends and relatives about her performance to get a trustworthy reading.

Of course, the proof is in the ratings. As long as *Today* continues to get good numbers, Gumbel can interview tabloidy fakes and Couric can dress in lederhosen if she wants, and Zucker can stamp his foot when he doesn't get his way. As if Zucker's life were not already charmed, friends set him up on a date with the daughter of ABC's Sam Donaldson. An ABC producer who was at a Washington-bureau party remembers looking up from his drink to see Zucker escorting Donaldson's daughter. A colleague turned to him and remarked, "Hey, what the hell is Miles Silverberg doing at our party?"



Bryant, Jeff and Katie

What was Bryant Gumbel doing interviewing a pregnant Filipino hermaphrodite on the *Today* show?

And speaking of wunderkinder, few have risen so fast and fallen so hard as 36-year-old Stephen Chao, the former president of Fox News and Fox Television stations (see this space, May). Chao, of course, was fired on the spot by his longtime boss, Rupert Murdoch, after a bizarre incident over the summer. Chao had hired a man to undress during a speech he was giving on censorship

to an audience of neocon intellectuals and senior apparatchiks in the Murdoch empire. Chao was gone the next day; he'd lasted in his new job a scant five weeks.

In the aftermath, Chao has become something of a hero and a martyr for the cause of free expression—a sort of studio-executive version of Karen Finley. However, Chao's gesture had more to do with his weird personality than with a passion for the rights of artists. Chao has a history of perverse behavior: A friend describes the time at Harvard, in the crowded Winthrop House dining hall, when Chao was engaged in an argument about what ejaculate tastes like. Chao, this friend insists, proceeded to masturbate onto a cracker and eat it.

People who have known Chao say he can be very smooth and charming. But they also say they have hardly known anyone with a filthier mouth, or more homophobic. He would talk publicly about the relative tightness of female acquaintances' vaginas. One former colleague says that after meetings, Chao would constantly provoke arguments about whether the person who had just left the room was gay. After a meeting with a *60 Minutes* producer, for example, Chao enthusiastically asked a female co-worker, "Do you think she's a rug muncher?," and pressed the issue. After the Thomas hearings, people at Fox referred to Chao as "Clarence." He lived up to the nickname. Earlier this year, when he couldn't attend a farewell gathering for a Fox executive, he sent along a videotaped message. Shown on a giant screen, it was the standard salute, except that in the background behind Chao's head, a television played a Long Dong Silver film.

Perhaps the strangest incident that friends can recall occurred before Chao joined Fox. He'd developed a case of genital warts, and he operated on himself in his TriBeCa loft. Then he bragged about it.

—Laureen Hobbs

MARK CURRY



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Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

Jack White, a *Time* editor and a man who, as *The New York Times* might say, happens to be African American, was certainly qualified for the job he was seeking as a senior executive at ABC's *World News Tonight*. When White arrived for an audience with anchorman **Peter Jennings**, however, practically the first words out of Jennings's mouth were, "Well, how does it feel to be up for a position simply because of the color of your skin?" White—who riposted, "How does it feel to be an anchorman just because you're good-looking?"—got the job.



Peter

ing of *American Dream*, **Barbara Kopple's** Oscar-winning documentary about a meat-packing union, with a little speechifying. Scary power-publicist **Peggy Siegal**, who had been hired to help publicize the film, had a different opinion. During a brief speech by one union activist before the film, Siegal commenced screaming at an assistant, *Get him the fuck off the stage*. Oblivious to the fact that she was within earshot of the glamorous liberals (including **Ron Silver**) whom she was supposed to charm, Siegal wailed, *I don't want him talking to my people. These are my people!* Finally, Hollywood's PR witch ran to the projection room, presumably to force somebody to hit the lights and start the film—but by the time she reached the booth, the union man had finished.

2

Among a certain category of celebrated women—Aging Former Sitcom Actresses Most Likely to Be Added to the Repertoire of Female Impersonators—a new obsession is emerging. At a recent TV-awards ceremony at the Four Seasons Hotel in Los Angeles, **Suzanne Pleshette** became horrified when she realized that a photographer was about to include her legs in his shot. *Stop this minute!*, she screeched at the photographer, who capitulated. Then, mere minutes later at the same event, **Ann Jillian** responded similarly when a different paparazzo made the same grave error. *Up, up!*, she frantically ordered. *Keep that camera pointed up, boys!*



Ann

4

On the final night of the Democratic National Convention, shortly before **Bill Clinton** was to give his acceptance speech, a U.S. senator entered the small room on the perimeter of Madison Square Garden where the candidate was waiting. The senator was greeted by the sight of Clinton, sans entourage, hunched over and clutching a plastic gas mask to his face, altogether resembling **Dennis Hopper** in *Blue Velvet*. Fortunately, Clinton did not cry out, *I'll fuck anything that moves*, but instead mumbled something about his sore throat. Meanwhile, elsewhere in the Garden, *New Republic* editor in chief **Martin Peretz** was gleefully boasting to intimates that he had abandoned journalistic detachment altogether: "*I wrote Gore's speech!*" ☾

3

The movie's distributors figured it made sense to optimize the lefty politics at the benefit screen-

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—NAURA HAYDEN

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When Naura Hayden's *How to Satisfy a Woman Every Time...and Have Her Beg for More!* reappeared on the New York Times best-seller list in 1992 after a ten-week stay in 1983, we decided it was time to take another look at the large-print, small-format, grievously padded 110-page self-published manual. The "Main Event" chapter intrigued us the most, of course. Her advice seemed wise beyond her years, concise, eloquent...and improbably familiar. Had the author, a former showgirl, really included in her research a perusal of late jazz great Charlie Mingus's 1971 autobiography, *Beneath the Underdog*? —Philip Nobile

"DO NOT ENTER HER.

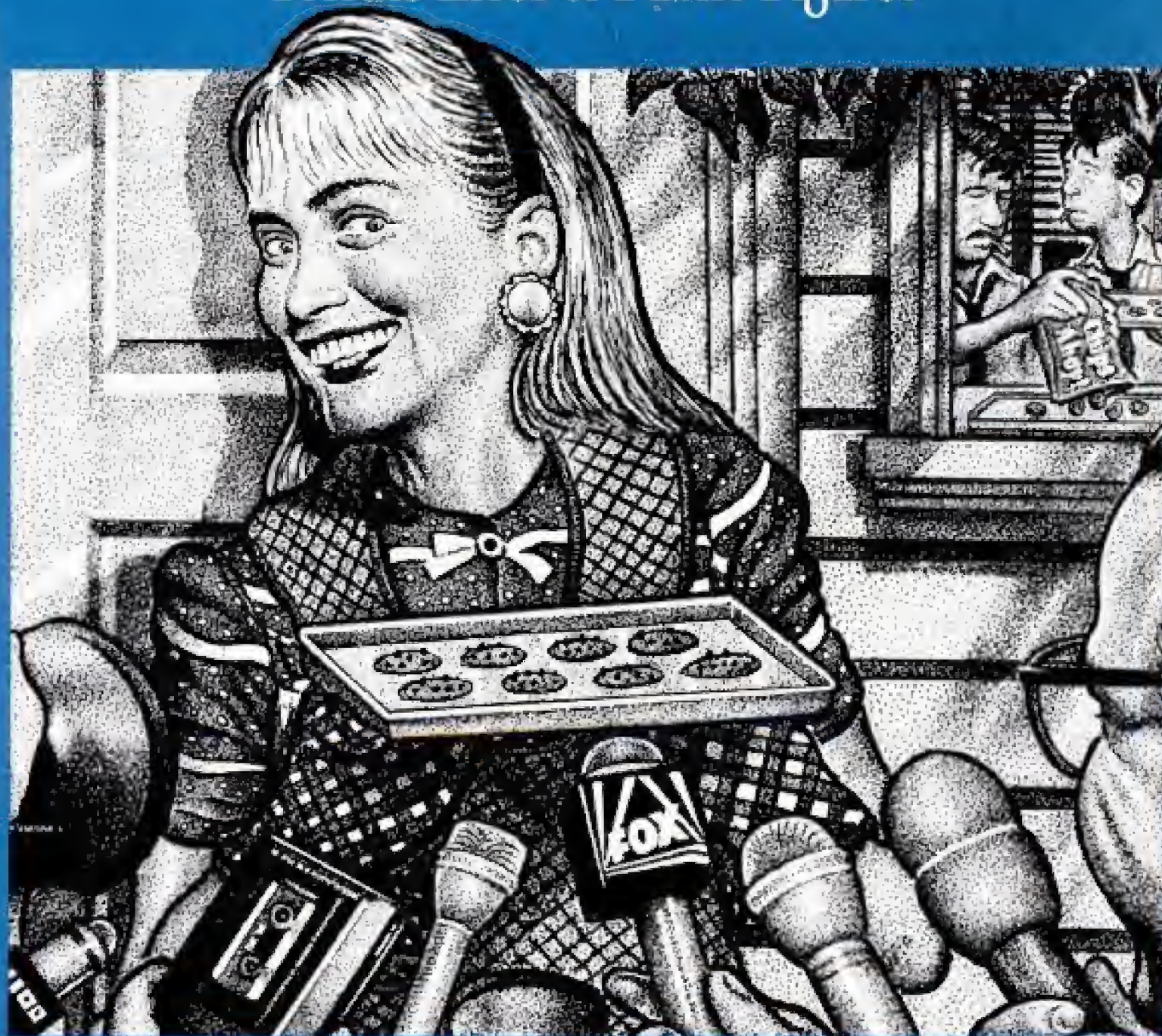
"Take your penis in your hand and gently rub her clitoris with it. Gently. Very gently. Play with her with your penis very softly....You are going to tease her until she literally will beg you to put it in....You want her to beg, right? Well, give her another minute or so and she will beg....You will very gently go in about one-half inch (hardly at all) and then slowly take it out....Now you'll put it in one inch and slowly

out....Maybe one and a half inches. ...Don't ever go in all the way, till she starts having her orgasm. Just keep teasing her....The whole purpose of this is to tease her clit—not to hit it, but to create a desire that drives her mad until she has an orgasm.... Teasing is a form of sweet torture....And we all—both men and women—have a touch of masochism within us."—Hayden

"Then insert your peppermint stick, just the knob, the head of

it. Rub it all up her split for a long time over the clitoris, in just a little bit and out...till she's begging for you. Then you don't just ram it in. You put the head in sorta gentle and easy.... She'll start getting frantic, crying and begging....Then ease it back and pretend you're gonna quit. Take it out. And if she don't grab you and plead and beg you to please fuck her your way then you can have one of them Cadillacs sitting out there!"—Mingus

Private Lives of Public Figures



Hillary Clinton demonstrates her commitment to traditional family values.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



**Voice
of a
Generation**

While rummaging through some legal papers recently, we found an unsigned letter from Albert Grossman, Bob Dylan's agent. It was written in 1968 to the head of Columbia Records, Clive Davis. At that time, royalties from Dylan's most popular albums were no doubt steadily rolling in. Still, a freebie is a freebie.

Dear Clive:

I received a call from Bob Dylan who wanted to know

if it was possible for him to obtain some products of Creative Playthings, which I understand is a subsidiary of CBS.

As you may or may not know, about a year ago, Goddard Lieberson [Davis's predecessor] sent a number of items from Creative Playthings to Bob for his children.

The items that Bob is now interested in are:

Twist A Slide
Fireman's Gym
Giant Ride 'Em
Toy

(a) Train
(b) Dump ►

Truck
(c) Bus
Hollow Blocks
Intermediate Set
Thank you.



Sure, Bob Crane's Dead, But Could He Still Win an NEA Grant?

Authorities recently announced the arrest of a suspect in the 1978 murder of Bob Crane, the star of *Hogan's Heroes*. As many of America's tabloid-TV watchers know, Crane was a hypersexed exhibitionist who liked to film women engaging in sex with him. What people don't appreciate is that Crane was an aesthetic pioneer—that in those bland southwestern motel rooms, he was creating cutting-edge postmodern video art. SPY contributor Frank Feldinger has unearthed these unpublished police inventories of Crane's videotapes. It looks as if Crane may have been an early master of juxtaposing images taken from broadcast material and from homemade film to produce a provocative, nearly surreal amalgam of public and private video experiences. That, or he was a cheap-skate who recycled his tape.

"VIDEOTAPE A
000-261: ▶

September Datebook

Enchanting and

Alarming Events Upcoming

5-10 Tenth annual "Look of the Year" model competition; Plaza Hotel. Sixty-five contestants do battle to follow in the footsteps of previous winners Cindy Crawford and Stephanie Seymour. The grand prize: a \$150,000 contract.

The catch: Winner may have to sleep with Richard Gere or Axl Rose. **6** Final day to experience *Putt-Modernism*, a miniature-golf

course designed by 19 voguish New York artists (18 holes, plus



balls by Jenny Holzer); at Artists Space. As the press release states, designs deal with "such

issues as women's rights, the ecology, and racism." Participants leave with a heightened awareness of the problems that face our world, and with the realization that the possibilities for skee ball are limitless.

7 Great Bathtub Race, Nome, Alaska. According to the official rules of this annual event, one person, who must hold a bar of soap, towel and bath mat at all times, sits in a bathtub full of water and mounted on wheels, which is guided by four teammates who must

begins for many public-school students. Kids who wasted long summer days sitting in front of the TV must now spend their days in class—watching Channel One.

16 Stay Away from Seattle Day, as declared by the Wellness Permission League. "On this day [we] will try to keep the appeal of Seattle from haunting us with its siren call," the league's literature states. Hmmm: 227 overcast days a year...droning guitars of countless Nirvanabes...a baseball team owned by the Japanese... Hey, it's working! **18** Jimi Hendrix died this day in

Blurb-o-Mat Capsule Reviews by Walter Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend

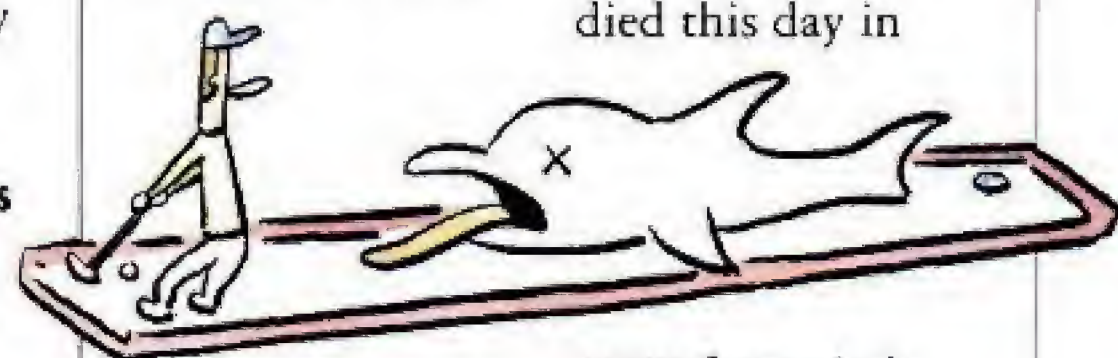


INNOCENT BLOOD, starring Anne Parillaud, Anthony LaPaglia, Robert Loggia (Warner Bros.) **PPPP**
Walter Monheit says, "No anemic thriller, this! Tony's O-positively good, and Anne—ooof!—she puts the shemoglobin in this *Blood*!"

SCHOOL TIES, starring Brendan Fraser, Randall Batinkoff, Amy Locane (Paramount) **PPP**
Walter Monheit says, "A hunky *Dead Poets* that won't soon be for-Groton! It's academic—this Old Boy'll be watching *School Ties* over Andover again!"

SINGLES, starring Campbell Scott (Warner Bros.) **PPPP**
Walter Monheit says, "Turn up the burner and just add Oscar—Campbell's mmm-mmm good!"

What the monacles mean: **PPP**—excellent;
PPPP—indisputably a classic



wear large brim hats and suspenders. Proving that real life in Alaska is even more self-consciously quirky than *Northern Exposure*.

8 School year

1970 from choking on his own vomit.

25 Mark Hamill turns 41.

25 John Bonham died this day in 1980 from choking on his own vomit. **D**

P A R A M O U N T

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KABC-TV, Channel 7, Los Angeles...On this sequence, there was a TV show about great entertainers....

265-311: The scene is the Winfield Apartments in Scottsdale. A white female, who [sic] Crane calls 'Liisa,' is on the couch and wearing a white blouse. Crane [is] rubbing Liisa's breasts....Liisa...turns out the lights.

312-405: The daytime TV show *Open House* with Rita Davenport comes on. She interviews Crane....

406-421: ...A white female with a white muscle shirt and white panties...poses on and around the couch...

421-457: This is a TV interview with Crane being interviewed by 'Rod.'....

458-524: *Open House* continues.

524-702: KPHO-TV news...

702-857: *The Dick Van Dyke Show*....

860-865: *The Andy Griffith Show*....

"VIDEOTAPE B

000-088: The...apartment Crane lived in while in Dallas....In the background is a TV...with the voice of Lloyd Bridges narrating the program *Sea Hunt*.... After *Sea Hunt* is over, *Highway Patrol* begins.... During this scene, Crane is behind the bar....A white female...is on the other side of this breakfast bar. After a short time, Crane and the white female move to the couch and begin to engage in sexual activities. It appears that the white female does not know the camera is on. 088-100: Miscellaneous TV scenes that are not identifiable....

The SPY Cliché Watch **Comedy Is No Laughing Matter, and We Don't Mean Whoopi and Dice Clay**

SO, COMEDY IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS, RIGHT?

* THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF COMEDY CLUBS—Stephen Holden, *The New York Times*, 1992

* "Comedy Is Serious Business"—*Ron Reagan Show* episode, 1991

* LAUGHTER IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS—*The New York Times*, 1990

* "Comedy, as it turns out, is a serious business...."—James Greenberg, *The New York Times*, 1990

* LOOKING FOR LAUGHS CAN BE SERIOUS BUSINESS—*Los Angeles Times*, 1989

* LAUGHS ARE A SERIOUS BUSINESS—*The New York Times*, 1988

FOR WHOM IS COMEDY A SERIOUS BUSINESS?

Artistes

* "Chevy Chase is serious. Serious about not being funny."

—Joy Horowitz, *Premiere*, 1992

* "For the Zucker brothers and Jim Abrahams...comedy is serious business...."—Lawrence van Gelder, *Chicago Tribune*, 1991

* "Bass-baritone Francois Loup sees comic opera as serious business."—Kenneth Herman, *Los Angeles Times*, 1989

* "Comedy is a very serious matter."—theater director Maria Aitken, *Chicago Tribune*, 1985

* "'Comedy is a serious business,' Mr. [Eli] Wallach said, as his wife, opposite him in an armchair, watched him thoughtfully."—Eleanor Blau, *The New York Times*, 1982

Comics

* "Comedy is serious business to [comedian] Paul Provenza."—Susan King, *Los Angeles Times*, 1991

* "It's serious business doing comedy work."—circus performer Hoyle, *Chicago Tribune*, 1991

* CABLE COMEDY: NO LAUGHING

MATTER—*The Boston Globe*, 1990

* "Comedy, of course, is no laughing matter."—Jack Friedman, *People*, 1988

* BOSTON COMEDY SCENE IS SERIOUS BUSINESS—*The Boston Globe*, 1988

* "...Comedy is a very serious business."—Sid Caesar, *Chicago Tribune*, 1986

* COMEDIAN SCHOOL IS NO LAUGHING

MATTER—*Christian Science Monitor*, 1979

Politicians

* "Jokes...are serious business in Washington."—David Lieberman, *The New York Times*, 1992

* QUAYLE'S

JOKES ARE NO LAUGHING MATTER

—*Los Angeles Times*, 1991

Newsweek Writers, Especially David Ansen

* "Obviously, comedy is no laughing matter for [Steve] Martin...."

—David Ansen, *Newsweek*, 1987

* "Comedy is no laughing matter...."—Ansen, *Newsweek*, 1982

* "In fact, for comics, comedy is no laughing matter."

—Arthur Cooper, *Newsweek*, 1975

WHO FIRST THOUGHT OF THIS PROFOUND PARADOX?

* "*Loot* is a living testament to [Joe] Orton's contention that 'laughter is a serious business.'..."—Alvin Klein, *The New York Times*, 1988

* "[The title of Rex Harrison's autobiography, *A Damned Serious Business*, is] a quotation taken from a description of comedy by the 18th-century actor David Garrick."—Andrew Sinclair, *The New York Times*, 1991

—David Misch

(about whose standup comedy performances *Boston* magazine ran the following headlines: A COMEDY CAREER NOT ALL JOKES [1976] and BEING FUNNY IN BOSTON ISN'T ALWAYS A LAUGH [1978])



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There, Now, You Won't Feel a Thing

A Killer Nurse Hall of Fame

If you want to stay healthy, so they say, stay out of the hospital. That's good advice for several reasons. Just as day-care jobs are popular among pedophiles and pyromaniacs become fire fighters, careers in health care attract killer nurses. In the *Marcus Welby* era, their crimes often had a certain twisted logic: the barren obstetrics nurse who killed babies, the merciful nursing-home aide who smothered Grandma.

With the sexual integration of the nursing force—men now make up 6 percent of America's R.N.'s—that's all changed. Homicidal male nurses are not only more zany cruel and insane than their female counterparts but also far more common. In a sampling of 580 known or suspected killings by nurses or nurse's aides since 1980, 330—57 percent—were committed by men. That means a male nurse is 20 times more likely than a female one to inject you with Liquid-Plumr.

The American Nurses Association declined comment on our gender-specific findings. Dr. Gladys White of the association's Center for Ethics and Human Rights offered only the following position: "We have a plank in our code for nurses that there is a clear prohibition on nurses engaging in acts of killing patients." *A clear prohibition on acts of killing*—but for some reason men just aren't listening.

Who are these fellows? Below are a few typical selections from the case file.

Brian K. Rosenfeld was convicted of 3 murders, although he'd told a cell-mate he'd committed 23. He injected the tranquilizer Mellaril into Florida nursing-home patients during the late 1980s. He had, according to the Associated Press, "a voracious appetite for inflicting abuse." He was once found rapidly crossing and uncrossing the legs of a screaming arthritis patient. His sentencing judge ruled that should he ever win parole, he may not work in a nursing home.

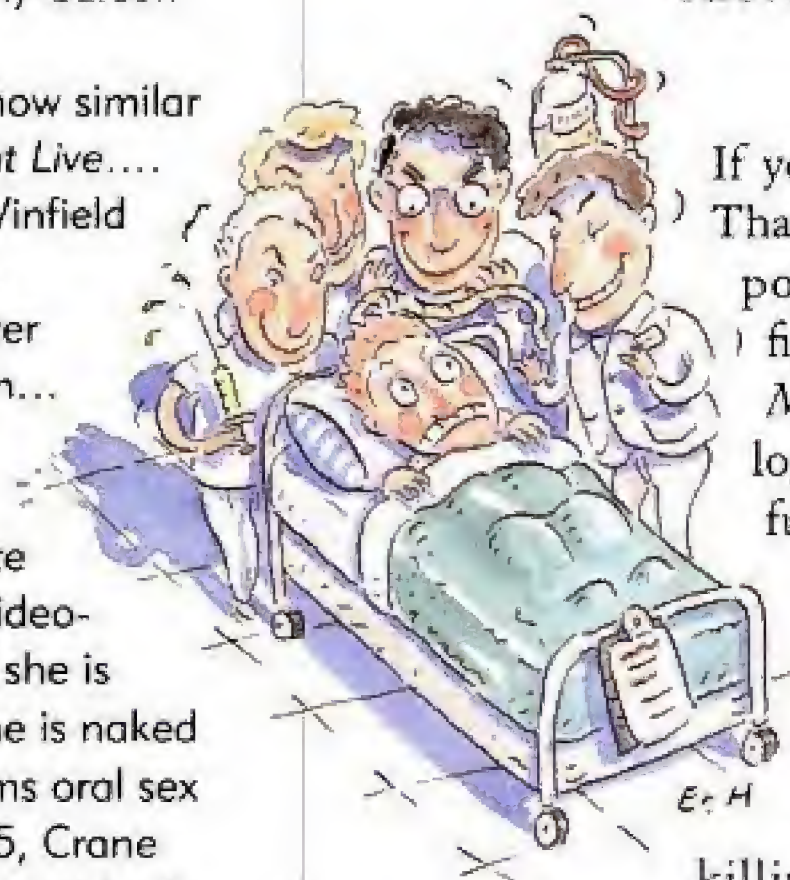
Richard Angelo was convicted of 4 murders at Good Samaritan Hospital in Long Island, but he was suspected of up to 33. He injected the muscle relaxants Pavulon and Anectine into intensive-care patients. Angelo "felt inadequate and wanted to stand out among his peers," said the prosecutor; by being first to respond to emergency calls on victims, he would "rescue" them. But he wound up killing more than he rescued.

Robert Diaz was convicted of 12 murders; he was suspected of up to 60. In the early 1980s, he injected lethal

doses of the heart drug/anesthetic lidocaine into intensive-care patients at two southern California hospitals. Diaz, who liked to wear his stethoscope to family functions, claimed to be reincarnated Egyptian royalty and to possess psychic healing powers. On wards, he would predict, "We're going to have trouble with [previously stable] Mr. Jones today." A nursing-school classmate said Diaz "had very good, interesting ideas about patient care."

Joseph Dewey Akin is charged with the murder (by lidocaine injection) of a 27-year-old quadriplegic at an Alabama hospital; he's also under investigation in connection with 16 patient deaths in Georgia. The self-styled "trauma specialist" loved, according to *The Atlanta Journal/Constitution*, the "adrenaline surge of bringing dying patients back to life." "The more trauma was involved, the more he enjoyed it," said his mother. "Being on the other floors would drive him batty." "He has his own ideas of how nursing should be practiced," said his attorney.

—Stephen Rae



100-115: 'Johnny Carson Show.'...

115-353: TV show similar to *Saturday Night Live*....

353-701: The Winfield Apartments....A white female, later identified as Pam... is sitting on the couch and she is wearing a white dress. Crane is video-taping Pam and she is aware of it. Crane is naked and Pam performs oral sex on Crane. At 445, Crane begins taking Polaroids of Pam and...[she] says 'Do you know how long it's been?' Crane replies to Pam, 'It's been five years.'

...Another white female, later identified as Stormy... comes into the apartment.... All three people...begin engaging in various sexual activities.... Crane [says] 'I just moved in, so I don't have any liquor yet.' Later, Stormy says 'Carl sure couldn't handle this.'... 702-742: ...Stormy is naked and she and Crane then engage in sexual activities....


762-778: *The Merv Griffin Show*....

"VIDEOTAPE G

000-019: Miscellaneous TV shows and commercials....

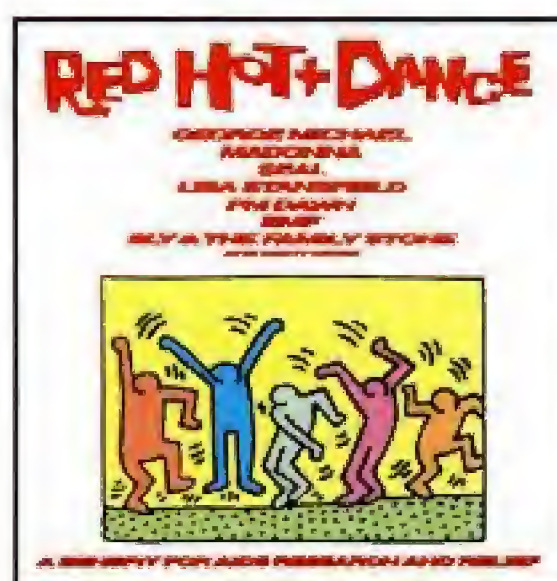
020-537: *Saturday Night Live*....

538-720: Winfield Apartments...A white female, later identified as Candi...and Crane engage in sexual activities....

721-732: Miscellaneous TV shows. The screen flashes blank, then to couch, then blank again...." 

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COLUMBIA



If You Fall for This, Are You Qualified to Be Vice President?

Headhunting on th

Although it's been weeks since Clinton chose Gore and Perot chose to take his \$100 million and go home, SPY decided back in June, when the issue was still unresolved and moderately interesting, to do a little research of our own.

The initial calls were all made on Wednesday, June 17. Our reporter identified himself as Peter Beck, an assistant to an assistant of Warren Christopher, if the subject was a potential running mate for Bill Clinton; or as Peter Beck, an assistant to an assistant of Hamilton Jordan, if the subject was a potential running mate for Ross Perot. "Beck" explained that he was working for the vice presidential search committee and needed to talk to Senator/Mr./Governor X. To each candidate he actually spoke with, Beck was discreet, never mentioning the vice presidency, saying only, "I'm compiling a little information file for Mr. Christopher/Mr. Jordan on a list of a few people, and your name is on the list."

Within days of our investigation, *The Washington Post's* Lois Romano included news of the *faux* search in her gossip column, warning would-be vice presidents that a "Peter Becker [*sic*] is phoning high-rolling Democrats purporting to be assisting Mr. Christopher with the search."

So here's what we found, letting us know who was sitting by the phone, who was too skeptical to take our call and who was too busy boning up on the correct spellings of tuberous vegetables. Ann Richards, Joseph Biden, Andrew Young, Dianne Feinstein, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Charlton Heston, Donald Trump and Bill Moyers never called back. Interestingly, most of the more serious contenders did.

ROUND ONE: POTENTIAL RUNNING MATES FOR CLINTON

SENATOR SAM NUNN

One hour, 11 minutes after I call, Nunn's assistant calls and says, "He told me about Secretary Christopher's contact with him a week ago. Peter, nobody in the office knows about this, so just ask for me if you call again. Now Nunn's gonna call you."

SPY: *What is your present position?*

NUNN: [*Pause.*] U.S. senator.

Have you ever been the subject of a background check?

I hadn't really agreed to be involved in this process. I'd prefer to deal with Warren.

Oh?

I hadn't agreed to be part of the process. I had not had any joining of the minds that I'd—

Uh-huh.

I really don't know why I would be called in on this. My name's not supposed to be—

It's just some background questions.

Okay, go ahead.

Have you ever been the subject of a background check?

No. I don't know what they check for senators.

What are your nonwork interests?

Golfing, hunting, fishing. Reading.

Could you give me the names of any personal references?

I don't get it, because Warren and I have a clear understanding that I am not part of this process.

So you haven't got any references?

How many do you want?

Three or four is what most people seem to be giving.

You can ask anybody in the U.S. Senate or the executive branch of the government.

But aren't there a couple of people in particular?

No.

JESSE JACKSON

After 1 hour, 38 minutes, Jackson's political-affairs director, Frank Watkins, calls back and says, "It seems a little strange, because Governor Clinton met with Mr. Jackson on Saturday [at the Rainbow Coalition gathering where the Sister Souljah dispute started] and said he would not be under consideration for the vice presidency."

The following day, Jackson himself leaves two messages on my machine. Each time I call back, he's not available. The third time, Watkins gets on the line. He asks that Warren

Christopher call Jackson personally. This all occurred on the same day that Jackson implied he might not even support Clinton in light of the Sister Souljah ruckus.

SENATOR WARREN RUDMAN

Rudman on the line 1 hour, 47 minutes later.

SPY: *I'm compiling information for Mr. Christopher, and I—*

RUDMAN: [*Annoyed*] We really don't need to have a conversation, Mr. Beck.

I just had a couple of questions—



Kerrey, Eisner & Rohatyn

otomac: A Historic and Irresponsible SPY Prank

[Angrily] We really don't need to have a conversation, Mr. Beck. Nice to talk to you. Say hello to Mr. Christopher for me. [Hangs up.]

Five days later, a *Wall Street Journal* article on Clinton's potential running mates says, "One person under consideration, it's believed, is retiring Republican Senator Warren Rudman."

CONGRESSMAN LEE HAMILTON

After **6 hours, 21 minutes**, Hamilton calls back.

SPY: *What is your present position?*

HAMILTON: [Silence.]

I guess you're a congressman?

That is correct.

Have you ever been the subject of a background check?

Well, I guess not to my knowledge. Of course, I've served in a number of sensitive positions. I wouldn't drop over in a dead faint to find out I had been.

What are your interests outside of work?

Very few, I guess. Family certainly is the centerpiece of it. I don't have any hobbies. Working out. Lifting weights in the House gym. Using the treadmill. I don't jog outside, because my knees can't take the pavement. I don't golf. If I have time off, then I spend it at home. My idea of a vacation is not to travel.

I see.

If I have time, I take my wife out to dinner.

Could you give me the names of any personal references?

For character? I think they're doing quite a bit of interviewing in Indiana right now.

Uh-huh.

Any of my colleagues in Congress. Uh. Dante Fascell, of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. He and I have worked together on a number of issues over the years. I don't really care whom you talk to.

Would you mind faxing me a résumé?

We already sent a résumé along to you people, but if this is a separate, uh, I guess I can get one to your office.

His résumé arrives 5 minutes later. It lists Hamilton as a "Trester Award Winner" in high school, 1948.

SENATOR BOB KERREY

After **24 hours, 36 minutes**, Kerrey calls back.

SPY: *What is your present position?*

KERREY: [Silence.]

Well, uh, I know that one—senator from Nebraska. Have you ever been the subject of a background check?

Yes.

What are your interests outside of work?

Children, mine. [Pause.] Reading.

Could you give me the names of any personal references?

[Scoffs.] Warren Buffett. [Long pause.] How many questions have you got here, because I'm supposed to meet Bennett Johnston down on the floor.

Any others?

I can give you a bunch. Uh, Bill Hoppner. Dean Rasmussen.

All Nebraskans?

Yeah, you want non-Nebraskans? Herb Allen. Wilbur Ross. Hub Burkert.

Do you think—

Alan Albright.

Do you think it would be possible for you to fax us a résumé?

Yeah, all right.

The résumé never arrives.

ROUND TWO: POTENTIAL RUNNING MATES FOR PEROT

INVESTMENT BANKER FELIX ROHATYN

I leave a message with an assistant that Rohatyn's name is on "a shortlist." The assistant calls back **2 hours, 2 minutes** later and puts Rohatyn on.

SPY: *Hello, Mr. Rohatyn, it's Peter Beck in Hamilton Jordan's office. I'm doing research for him on this list—*

ROHATYN: The shortlist.

Yes, I guess so.

[Excited] You mean I'm on *that* list?

Yes.

[Really excited] That's very flattering, but regardless of the merits of this thing, I must assert right away that I wasn't born in this country. It's too bad, but it's constitutionally impossible.

I see.

Even though Senator Eagleton put a bill in to change the Constitution for that purpose.

For you?

For me and for Henry Kissinger and I forget who else, and I must tell you, there was not a spontaneous national wave of support for it.

So I can't ask you any questions?

Unfortunately, I have to pass.

WALT DISNEY CHAIRMAN MICHAEL EISNER

When I call his office, I'm told he's out of town. The next day, his assistant calls and says, "Mr. Eisner has asked me to tell you that Disney president Frank Wells has talked to Mr. Perot directly about this, and he thinks it's best that we continue to handle the matter this way."

—Eric Allen

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and sanctimonious
Eleanor Roosevelt?



Rock bore Robbie
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and pop bore Tommy
Tune?



Undead actor John
Travolta...



and dead gangster
John Dillinger?



Cute substance abuser
Drew Barrymore...



and cute substance
abuser Elvis Presley?

Inside Out Invasion of Executive Privacy the SEC Way! This Month: Time Warner

The Securities and Exchange Commission (one of our favorite federal agencies) requires a vast amount of disclosure about a company selling stock to investors. Not all this information is financial. For example, it often includes a statement about whether key officials plan to stay after the deal is completed. According to sources at Time Warner, including a major stockholder who knows him well, chairman Steve Ross learned he had prostate cancer several years ago—not last November, when Time Warner announced it, but before Time Inc.'s debt-laden 1989 purchase of Warner Communications. Was it illegal to keep this information secret from Time stockholders, who were essentially buying Ross and his magical show biz touch? (If Time stockholders had wanted a company run by new co-CEO Gerald Levin, who had worked at Time for decades, they could have just promoted him and saved \$14 billion.) The legality is debatable. Given a similar, hypothetical scenario, the SEC told SPY it wasn't clear if the information was material. But when we asked a New York-area federal prosecutor about Ross, he said, "Sure, I'd prosecute him." And Time Warner's November announcement came at the insistence of Arthur Liman, Ross's lawyer, who was concerned about the SEC.

Ross's tens of millions in Time Warner wealth have gotten all the press, but filings of insider holdings with the SEC show that there are a bunch of Time Warner executive millionaires—here, a selective roster ranked from most owned to least owned.

1. New co-CEO Gerald Levin owns 110,971 shares worth \$12.6 million.

2. Book-division president Kelso Sutton owns 55,000 shares (he sold 10,000 shares for about \$900,000 in 1988) worth almost \$6.3 million.

3. *Time* editor in chief Jason McManus owns 50,444 shares worth \$5.7 million.

4. HBO chairman Michael Fuchs owns 30,347 shares worth \$3.4 million.

5. Time Inc. chairman Reg Brack owns 16,085 shares worth \$1.8 million.

And then there are the ex-executive millionaires:

1. Nick Nicholas, the universally loathed co-CEO purged this year by Ross, owns 47,058 shares worth \$5.3 million. Before his dismissal in late February, he had owned more than 100,000 shares; on March 19 alone he sold 45,000.

2. Henry Grunwald, the charming and self-important former *Time* editor in chief who oversaw the decline of the magazine division, owns 16,608 shares worth \$1.9 million.

3. Chris Meigher, the tiny, fair-haired executive vice president defensively purged by Brack in June, owns 11,886 shares worth \$1.3-million. 



Steve Ross

Short and Goofy

New Yorkers on the go consume thousands of muffins every day, many of them bought from the Hot & Crusty chain, which operates eight stores in Manhattan. "The founder's idea of the ideal bread was something that was hot, right out of the oven, and with a crusty shell," explains John Siri, a treasurer at Mr. Hot Bread Inc., Hot & Crusty's parent company. Fine. But what if the success of the Hot & Crusty chain were to start a trend in adjectival four-syllable shop names seeking to evoke the essence of their products?

—Robert Cox



Name	Kind of Business
WARM AND FUZZY	Sweater shop, Hallmark store, pet store, furrier or brothel
VEINED AND FATTY	Butcher, weight-loss clinic or brothel
DOWN AND DIRTY	Used-coat store, subway-token booth or brothel
RED AND FLAMEY	Fire station, Chinese restaurant or brothel
MOIST AND CLAMMY	Fish market, facial salon or brothel
WET AND STICKY	Wallpaper or paint store, or brothel
HARD AND FRUITY	Grocery store or brothel
HOT AND GREASY	Hamburger joint, car mechanic or brothel

Illustration by Richard Sala

It's a Wonderful Town!



Mother and son at voguing ball.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

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BIG PICTURES

This month: *Presidential pants-
lessness, queenly grottness and other
quirks of the cultural elite. Plus: South
Africa.* **September 1992**



George Bush holds his pants in the Atlanta Braves' locker room.



Her Royal Majesty Queen of the
Kingdom of Great Britain and
Northern Ireland and of her other
realms and territories and head of the
Commonwealth of Nations Elizabeth II
at Balmoral Castle, Scotland

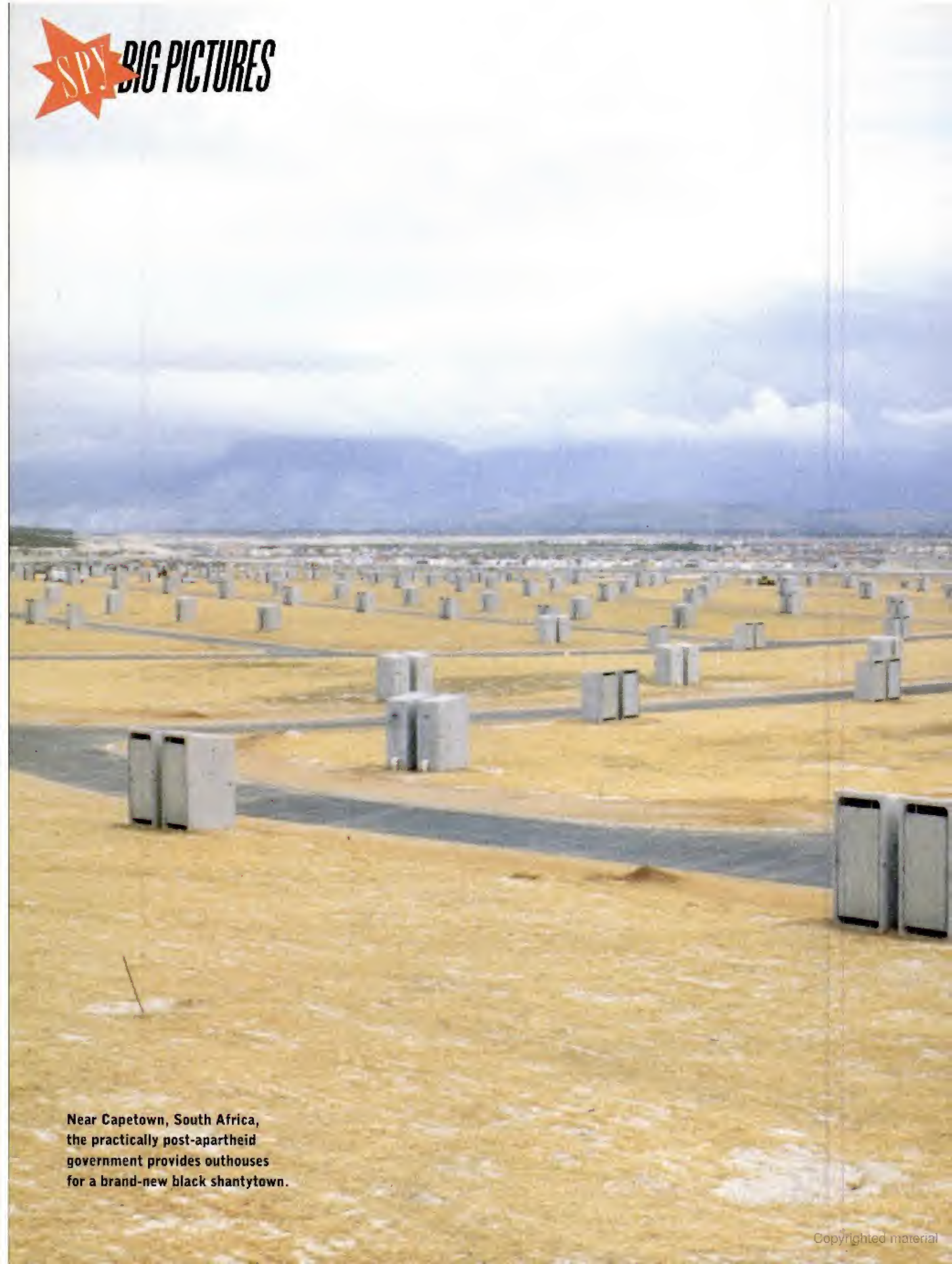




Marlon Brando, some years before his sense of humor is removed, emotes for Jean Simmons on the set of *Guys and Dolls* in 1955. Inset: the scene as it appeared in the film.



SPY! BIG PICTURES



**Near Capetown, South Africa,
the practically post-apartheid
government provides outhouses
for a brand-new black shantytown.**



SPY *BIG PICTURES*

A Woman's Pregnancy Center



Vice President Dan Quayle holds somebody else's baby at a Fort Lauderdale anti-abortion counseling center.

SPY ASTONISHES THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION!

"I fell for it"

—John Cochran, NBC News

"It looks exactly like the real thing"

—Charles Gibson,
Good Morning America

"Very funny"

—Bill Clinton

"It was great—especially the ad on the bottom"

—Senator Bill Bradley

"If they want to make jokes, it's their democratic right"

—New York Times reporter



"I thought it was terrific"

—Ted Koppel, *Nightline*

On July 14, SPY operatives wrapped a four-page parody of *The New York Times* around actual copies of the paper and passed them off to delegates and the press assembled at the Democratic National Convention as an early edition of the real paper. Reporters and delegates were alarmed by the surprising headlines, then entertained. In addition to the startling front-page "news stories," the op-ed page has Michael Dukakis sharing some advice with Bill Clinton, among other editorials.

Now, for a limited time only, you have a chance to buy the most talked-about artifact of the 1992 political year. For just \$4 (includes postage and handling) we'll send you the four-page wrap-around that fooled the convention and sent the media scurrying.

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WHAT? A BIG PRIVATE COMPANY—ONE WITH A BOARD OF FORMER CIA, FBI AND PENTAGON OFFICIALS; ONE IN CHARGE OF PROTECTING NUCLEAR-WEAPONS FACILITIES, NUCLEAR REACTORS, THE ALASKAN OIL PIPELINE AND MORE THAN A DOZEN AMERICAN EMBASSIES ABROAD; ONE WITH LONG-STANDING TIES TO A RADICAL RIGHT-WING ORGANIZATION; ONE WITH 30,000 MEN AND WOMEN UNDER ARMS—SECRETLY HELPED IRAQ IN ITS EFFORT TO OBTAIN SOPHISTICATED WEAPONS? AND FUELED UNREST IN VENEZUELA? THIS IS ALL THE PLOT OF A NEW BEST-SELLING THRILLER, RIGHT?

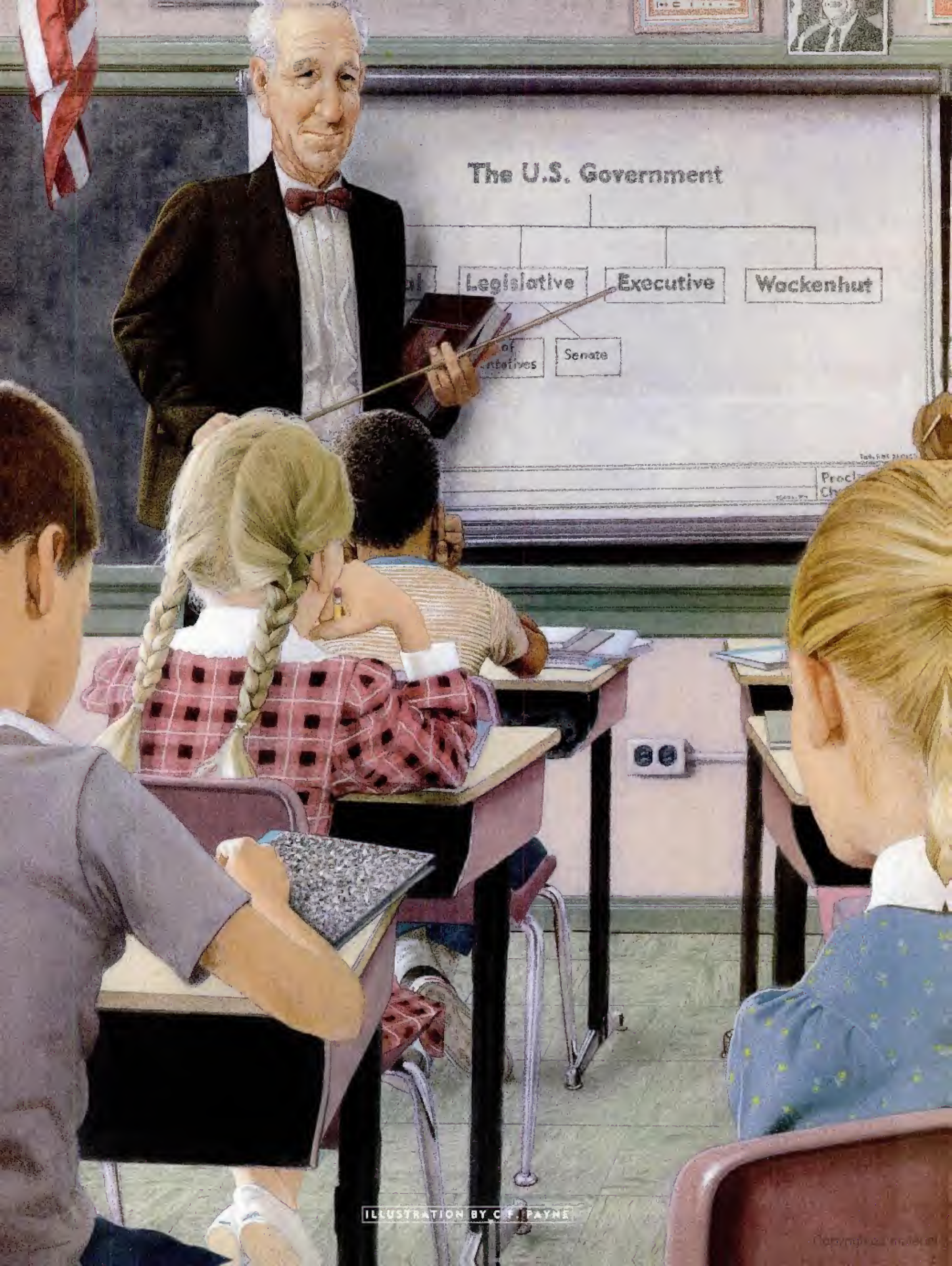
OR THE RAVINGS OF SOME OVERHEATED CONSPIRACY BUFF, RIGHT? RIGHT?

Wrong.

IN THE WINTER OF 1990, DAVID RAMIREZ, a 24-year-old member of the Special Investigations Division of the Wackenhut Corporation, was sent by his superiors on an unusual mission. Ramirez, a former Marine Corps sergeant based in Miami, was told to fly immediately to San Antonio along with three other members of

INSIDE THE SHADOW CIA

by John Connolly



The U.S. Government

Legislative

Executive

Wackenhut

House of Representatives

Senate

Proclamation

By 1966, Wackenhut could confidently state that it had secret files on 4 million Americans

SID—a unit, known as founder and chairman George Wackenhut's "private FBI," that provided executive protection and conducted undercover investigations and sting operations. Once they arrived, they rented two gray Ford Tauruses and drove four hours to a desolate town on the Mexican border called Eagle Pass. There, just after dark, they met two truck drivers who had been flown in from Houston. Inside a nearby warehouse was an 18-wheel tractor-trailer, which the two truck drivers and the four Wackenhut agents in their rented cars were supposed to transport to Chicago. "My instructions were very clear," Ramirez recalls. "Do not look into the trailer, secure it, and make sure it safely gets to Chicago." It went without saying that no one else was supposed to look in the trailer, either, which is why the Wackenhut men were armed with fully loaded Remington 870 pump-action shotguns.

The convoy drove for 30 hours straight, stopping only for gas and food. Even then, one of the Wackenhut agents had to stay with the truck, standing by one of the cars, its trunk open, shotgun within easy reach.

"Whenever we stopped, I bought a shot glass with the name of the town on it," Ramirez recalls. "I have glasses from Oklahoma City, Kansas City, St. Louis."

A little before 5:00 on the morning of the third day, they delivered the trailer to a practically empty warehouse outside Chicago. A burly man who had been waiting for them on the loading dock told them to take off the locks and go home, and that was that. They were on a plane back to Miami that afternoon. Later Ramirez's superiors told him—as they told other SID agents about similar midnight runs—that the trucks contained \$40-million worth of food stamps. After considering the secrecy, the way the team was assembled and the orders not to stop or open the truck, Ramirez decided he didn't believe that explanation.

Neither do we. One reason is simple: A Department of Agriculture official simply denies that food stamps are shipped that way. "Someone is blowing smoke," he says. Another reason is that after a six-month investigation, in the course of which we spoke to more than 300 people, we believe we know what the truck did contain—equipment necessary for the manufacture of chemical weapons—and where it was headed: to Saddam Hussein's Iraq. And the Wackenhut Corporation—a publicly traded company with strong ties to the CIA and federal contracts worth \$200-million a year—was making sure Saddam would be getting his equipment intact. The question is why.

IN 1954, GEORGE WACKENHUT, THEN A 34-YEAR-OLD former FBI agent, joined up with three other former FBI agents to open a company in Miami called Special Agent Investigators Inc. The partnership was neither successful nor harmonious—George once knocked partner Ed Dubois unconscious to end a disagreement over the direction the company would take—and in 1958, George bought out his partners.

However capable Wackenhut's detectives may have been at their work, George Wackenhut had two personal attributes that were instrumental in the company's growth. First, he got along exceptionally well with important politicians. He was a close ally of Florida governor Claude Kirk, who hired him to combat organized crime in the state, and was also friends with Senator George Smathers, an intimate of John F. Kennedy's. It was Smathers who provided Wackenhut with his big break when the senator's law firm helped the company find a loophole in the Pinkerton law, the 1893 federal statute that had made it a crime for an employee of a private detective agency to do work for the government. Smathers's firm set up a wholly owned subsidiary of Wackenhut that provided only guards, not detectives. Shortly thereafter, Wackenhut received multimillion-dollar contracts from the government to guard Cape Canaveral and the Nevada nuclear-bomb test site, the first of many extremely lucrative federal contracts that have sustained the company to this day.

The second thing that helped make George Wackenhut successful was that he was, and is, a hard-line right-winger. He was able to profit from his beliefs by building up dossiers on Americans suspected of being Communists or merely left-leaning—"subversives and sympathizers," as he put it—and selling the information to interested parties. According to Frank Donner, the author of *Age of Surveillance*, the Wackenhut Corporation maintained and updated its files even after the McCarthyite hysteria had ebbed, adding the names of antiwar protesters and civil-rights demonstrators to its list of "derogatory types." By 1965, Wackenhut was boasting to potential investors that the company maintained files on 2.5 million suspected dissidents—one in 46 American adults then living. In 1966, after acquiring the private files of Karl Barslaag, a former staff member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, Wackenhut could confidently maintain that with more than 4 million names, it had the largest privately held file on suspected dissidents in America. In

1975, after Congress investigated companies that had private files, Wackenhut gave its files to the now-defunct anti-Communist Church League of America of Wheaton, Illinois. That organization had worked closely with the red squads of big-city police departments, particularly in New York and L.A., spying on suspected sympathizers; George Wackenhut was personal friends with the League's leaders, and was a major contributor to the group. To be sure, after giving the League its files, Wackenhut reserved the right to use them for its clients and friends.

Wackenhut had gone public in 1965; George Wackenhut retained 54 percent of the company. Between his salary and dividends, his annual compensation approaches \$2 million a year, sufficient for him to live in a \$20-million castle in Coral Gables, Florida, complete with a moat and 18 full-time servants. Today the company is the third-largest investigative security firm in the country, with offices throughout the United States and in 39 foreign countries.

It is not possible to overstate the special relationship Wackenhut enjoys with the federal government. It is close. When it comes to security matters, Wackenhut in many respects *is* the government. In 1991, a third of the company's \$600-million in revenues came from the federal government, and another large chunk from companies that themselves work for the government, such as Westinghouse. Wackenhut is the largest single company supplying security to U.S. embassies overseas; several of the 13 embassies it guards have been in important hotbeds of espionage, such as Chile, Greece and El Salvador. It also guards nearly all the most strategic government facilities in the U.S., including the Alaskan oil pipeline, the Hanford nuclear-waste facility, the Savannah River plutonium plant and the Strategic Petroleum Reserve.

Wackenhut maintains an especially close relationship with the



Mother Ship Wackenhut—armed employees strike a fearsome pose outside world headquarters in Coral Gables, Florida.



Grotesquerie at the gate: Egyptian guard dogs defend George Wackenhut's office. Below: In the office, our man finds Wackenhut in his element—yes, the tusks are real.



federal government in other ways as well. While early boards of directors included such prominent personalities of the political right as Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, General Mark Clark and Ralph E. Davis, a John Birch Society leader, current and recent members of the board have included much of the country's recent national-security directorate: former FBI director Clarence Kelley; former Defense secretary and former CIA deputy director Frank Carlucci; former Defense Intelligence Agency director General Joseph Carroll; former U.S. Secret Service director James J. Rowley; former Marine

commandant P. X. Kelley; and acting chairman of President Bush's foreign-intelligence advisory board and former

CIA deputy director Admiral Bobby Ray Inman. Before his appointment as Reagan's CIA director, the late William Casey was Wackenhut's outside legal counsel. The company has 30,000 armed employees on its payroll.

We wanted to know more about this special relationship, but the government was not forthcoming. Repeated requests to the Department of Energy for an explanation of how one company got the security contracts for nearly all of America's most strategic installations have gone unanswered.

Similarly, efforts to get the State Department to explain whether embassy contracts were awarded arbitrarily or through competitive bidding were fruitless; essentially, the State Department said, "Some of both." Wackenhut's competitors—who, understandably, asked not to be quoted by name—have their own version. "All those contracts," said one security-firm executive, "are just another way to pay Wackenhut for their clandestine help." And what is the nature of that help? "It is known throughout the industry," says retired FBI special agent William Hinshaw, "that if you want a dirty job done, call Wackenhut."

Wackenhut has been involved with the CIA, the ex-analyst says, on a quid pro quo basis

WE MET GEORGE WACKENHUT IN HIS swanky, *my macho* offices in Coral Gables. The rooms are paneled in a dark, rich rosewood, accented with gray-blue stone. The main office is dominated by Wackenhut's 12-foot-long desk and a pair of chairs shaped like elephants—"Republican chairs," he calls them—complete with real tusks, which, the old man says with some amusement, tend to stick his visitors. The highlight of the usual collection of pictures and awards is the Republican presidential exhibit: an autographed photo of Wackenhut shaking hands with George Bush (whom Wackenhut, according to a former associate, used to call "that pinko") as well as framed photos of Presidents Reagan, Nixon and Bush, each accompanied by a handwritten note. The chairman looks every inch the comfortable Florida septuagenarian. The day we spoke, his clothing ranged across the color spectrum from baby blue to light baby blue, and he wore a lot of jewelry—a huge gold watch on a thick gold band, two massive gold rings. But Wackenhut was, at 72, quick and tough in his responses. Near the end of our two-and-a-half-hour interview, when asked if his company was an arm of the CIA, he snapped, "No!"

Of course, this may just be a matter of semantics. We have spoken to numerous experts, including current and former CIA agents and analysts, current and former agents of the Drug Enforcement Administration and current and former Wackenhut executives and employees, all of whom have said that in the mid-1970s, after the Senate Intelligence Committee's revelations of the CIA's covert and sometimes illegal overseas operations, the agency and Wackenhut grew very, very close. Those revelations had forced the CIA to do a housecleaning, and it became CIA policy that certain kinds of activities would no longer officially be performed. But that didn't always mean that the need or the desire to undertake such operations disappeared. And that's where Wackenhut came in.

Our sources confirm that Wackenhut has had a long-standing relationship with the CIA, and that it has deepened over the last decade or so. Bruce Berckmans, who was assigned to the CIA station in Mexico City, left the agency in January 1975 (putatively) to become a Wackenhut international-operations vice president. Berckmans, who left Wackenhut in 1981, told SPY that he has seen a formal proposal George Wackenhut submitted to the CIA to allow the agency to use

Wackenhut offices throughout the world as fronts for CIA activities. Richard Babayan, who says he was a CIA contract employee and is currently in jail awaiting trial on fraud and racketeering charges, has been cooperating with federal and congressional investigators looking into illegal shipments of nuclear-and-chemical-weapons-making supplies to Iraq. "Wackenhut has been used by the CIA and other intelligence agencies for years," he told SPY. "When they [the CIA] need cover, Wackenhut is there to provide it for them." Canadian prime minister Pierre Trudeau was said to have rebuffed Wackenhut's efforts in the 1980s to purchase a weapons-propellant manufacturer in Quebec with the remark "We just got rid of the CIA—we don't want them back." Philip Agee, the left-wing former CIA agent who wrote an exposé of the agency in 1975, told us, "I don't have the slightest doubt that the CIA and Wackenhut overlap."

There is also testimony from people who are not convicts, renegades or Canadians. William Corbett, a terrorism expert who spent 18 years as a CIA analyst and is now an ABC News consultant based in Europe, confirmed the relationship between Wackenhut and the agency. "For years Wackenhut has been involved with the CIA and other intelligence organizations, including the DEA," he told SPY. "Wackenhut would allow the CIA to occupy positions within the company [in order to carry out] clandestine operations." He also said that Wackenhut would supply intelligence agencies with information, and that it was compensated for this—"in a quid pro quo arrangement," Corbett says—with government contracts worth billions of dollars over the years.

We have uncovered considerable evidence that Wackenhut carried the CIA's water in fighting Communist encroachment in Central America in the 1980s (that is to say, during the Reagan administration, when the CIA director was former Wackenhut lawyer William Casey, the late superpatriot who had a proclivity for extralegal and illegal anti-Communist covert operations such as Iran-contra). In 1981, Berckmans, the CIA agent turned Wackenhut vice president, joined with other senior Wackenhut executives to form the company's Special Projects Division. It was this division that linked up with ex-CIA man John Philip Nichols, who had taken over the Cabazon Indian reservation in California, as we described in a previous article ["Badlands," April 1992], in pursuit of a scheme to manufacture explosives, poison gas and biological



THE WACKENHUT WAY: AN IRAQGATE PRIMER

Reagan/Bush administrations decide
to support Iraq militarily

CIA implements covert operation
to supply Iraq with arms

CIA enlists ret. general/war
profiteer Richard Secord to help Iraqi
arms dealer Ihsan Barbouti

Secord enlists Wackenhut's help
in assisting Barbouti

Two high-ranking Wackenhut executives
assigned to Iraqi project. Wackenhut
provides travel service for Barbouti and
another arms dealer, and security for a plant
in which Barbouti invested

Wackenhut director dispatches
Wackenhut investigator David Ramirez to ride
shotgun for a Barbouti truck carrying
chemical technology from Texas to Chicago,
and on to Iraq

Same director later flies to Venezuela to
provoke ouster of presidential aide
[see box, page 54]

weapons—and then, by virtue of the tribe's status as a sovereign nation, to export the weapons to the contras. This maneuver was designed to evade congressional prohibitions against the U.S. government's helping the contras. Indeed, in an interview with SPY, Eden Pastora, the contras' famous Commander Zero, who had been spotted at a test of some night-vision goggles at a firing range near the Cabazon reservation in the company of Nichols and a Wackenhut executive, offhandedly identified that executive, A. Robert Frye, as "the man from the CIA." (In a subsequent conversation he denied knowing Frye at all; of course, in that same talk he quite unbelievably denied having ever been a contra.)

In addition to attempted weapons supply, Wackenhut seems to have been involved in Central America in other ways. Ernesto Bermudez, who was Wackenhut's director of international operations from 1987 to '89, admitted to SPY that during 1985 and '86 he ran Wackenhut's operations in El Salvador, where he was in charge of 1,500 men. When asked what 1,500 men were doing for Wackenhut in El Salvador, Bermudez replied coyly, "Things." Pressed, he elaborated: "Things you wouldn't want your mother to know about." It's worth noting that Wackenhut's annual revenues from government contracts—the alleged reward for cooperation in the government's clandestine activities—increased by \$150 million, a 45 percent jump, while Ronald Reagan was in office. "You've done an awful lot of research," George Wackenhut said to me as I was leaving. "How would you like to run all our New York operations?"

IF THAT WAS THE EXTENT of Wackenhut's possible involvement in a government agency's attempt to circumvent the law, then we might dismiss it as an

interesting footnote to the overheated, cowboy anti-Communist 1980s. However, the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of Florida has been conducting an investigation into the illegal export of dual-use technology—that is, seemingly innocuous technology that can also be used to make nuclear weapons—to Iraq and Libya. And SPY has learned that Wackenhut's name has come up in the federal investigation, but not at present as a target.

Between 1987 and '89, three companies in the United States received investments from an Iraqi architect named Ihsan Barbouti. The colorful Barbouti owned an engineering company in Frankfurt that had a \$552-million contract to build airfields in Iraq. He also admitted having designed Mu'ammar Qaddafi's infamous German-built chemical-weapons plant in Rabta, Libya. According to an attorney for one of the companies in which Barbouti invested, the architect owned \$100 million worth of real estate and oil-drilling equipment in Texas and Oklahoma. He may also be dead, there being reports that he died of heart failure in Queen Mary's University Hospital in London on July 1, 1990, his 63rd birthday. Barbouti, however, had faked his death once before, in 1969, after the Ba'ath takeover in Iraq, which brought Saddam Hussein to power as the second-in-command. That time, Barbouti escaped Iraq, resurfacing several years later in Lebanon and Libya. There are now reports that he is living in Jordan—or, according to other reports, in a CIA safe house in Florida. Those reports can be considered no better than rumor; what follows, though, is fact.

As reported on ABC's *Nightline* last year, the three companies in which Barbouti invested were TK-7 of Oklahoma City, which makes

CURRENT AND FORMER WACKENHUT DIRECTORS

John Ammarell, former FBI agent

Robert Chasen, former FBI agent

Clarence Kelley, director emeritus,
former FBI director

Willis Hawkins, former assistant
secretary of the Army

Paul X. Kelley, four-star general (ret.),
U.S. Marine Corps

Seth McKee, former commander in chief,
North American Air Defense Command

Bernard Schriever, former member, President's
Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board

Frank Carlucci, former Defense secretary
and former deputy CIA director

Joseph Carroll, former director,
Defense Intelligence Agency

James Rowley, former director, U.S. Secret Service

Bobby Ray Inman, former deputy CIA director

The Iraqi arms dealer's associate was Richard Secord, of Iran-contra; he brought in Wackenhut

a fuel additive; Pipeline Recovery Systems of Dallas, which makes an anti-corrosive chemical that preserves pipes; and Product Ingredient Technology of Boca Raton, which makes food flavorings. None of these companies was looking to do business with Iraq; Barbouti sought them out. Why was he interested? Because TK-7 had formulas that could extend the range of jet aircraft and liquid-fueled missiles such as the SCUD; because Pipeline Recovery knows how to coat pipes to make them usable in nuclear reactors and chemical-weapons plants; and because one of the by-products in making cherry flavoring is ferric ferrocyanide, a chemical that's used to manufacture hydrogen cyanide, which can penetrate gas masks and protective clothing. Hydrogen cyanide was used by Saddam Hussein against the Kurds in the Iran-Iraq war.

Barbouti was more than a passive investor, and soon he began pressuring the companies to ship not only their products but also their manufacturing technology to corporations he owned in Europe, from which, he told the businessmen, it would be sent to Libya and Iraq. In doing so, Barbouti was attempting to violate the law. First, the U.S. forbade sending anything to Libya, which was embargoed as a terrorist nation. Second, the U.S. specified that material of this sort must be sent to its final destination, not to an intermediate locale, where the U.S. would risk losing control of its distribution. According to former CIA contract employee Richard Babayan, in late 1989 Barbouti met in London with Ibrahim Sabawai, Saddam Hussein's half brother and European head of Iraqi intelligence, who grew excited about the work Pipeline Recovery was doing and called for the company's technology to be rushed to Iraq, so that it could be in place by early 1990. And the owner of TK-7 swears that Barbouti told him he was developing an atom device for Qaddafi that would be used against the U.S. in retaliation for the 1986 U.S. air strike against Libya. Barbouti also wanted the ferrocyanide from Product Ingredient.

Assisting Barbouti with these investments was New Orleans exporter Don Seaton, a business associate of Richard Secord, the right-wing U.S. Army general turned war profiteer who was so deeply enmeshed in the Iran-contra affair. It was Secord who connected Barbouti with Wackenhut. Barbouti met with Secord in Florida on several occasions, and phone records show that several calls were placed from Barbouti's office to Secord's private number in McLean, Virginia; Secord has

acknowledged knowing Barbouti. He is currently a partner of Washington businessman James Tully (who is the man who leaked Bill Clinton's draft-dodge letter to ABC) and Jack Brennan, a former Marine Corps colonel and longtime aide to Richard Nixon both in the White House and in exile. Brennan has gone back to the White House, where he works as a director of administrative operations in President Bush's office. He refused to return repeated calls from SPY. Interestingly, Brennan and Tully had previously been involved in a \$181-million business deal to supply uniforms to the Iraqi army. Oddly, they arranged to have the uniforms manufactured in Nicolae Ceaușescu's Romania. The partners in that deal were former U.S. attorney general and Watergate felon John Mitchell and Sarkis Soghanalian, a Turkish-born Lebanese citizen. Soghanalian, who has been credited with being Saddam Hussein's leading arms procurer and with introducing the demonic weapons inventor Gerald Bull to the Iraqis, is currently serving a six-year sentence in federal prison in Miami for the illegal sale of 103 military helicopters to Iraq. According to former Wackenhut agent David Ramirez, the company considered Soghanalian "a very valuable client."

Unfortunately for Barbouti, none of the companies in which he made investments was willing to ship its products or technology to his European divisions. That, however, doesn't necessarily mean that he didn't get some of what he wanted. In 1990, 2,000 gallons of ferrocyanide were found to be missing from the cherry-flavor factory in Boca Raton. Where it went is a mystery; Peter Kawaja, who was the head of security for all of Barbouti's U.S. investments, told SPY, "We were never burglarized, but that stuff didn't walk out by itself."

What does all this have to do with Wackenhut? Lots: According to Louis Champon, the owner of Product Ingredient Technology, it was Wackenhut that guarded his Boca Raton plant, a fact confirmed by Murray Levine, a Wackenhut vice president. Champon also says, and Wackenhut also confirms, that the security for the plant consisted of one unarmed guard. While a Wackenhut spokesperson maintains that this was the only job they were doing for Barbouti, he also says that they were never paid, that Barbouti stiffed them.

This does not seem true. SPY has obtained four checks from Barbouti to Wackenhut. All were written within ten days in 1990: one on March 27 for \$168.89; one on March 28 for \$24,828.07; another on April 5 for

\$756; the last on April 6 for \$40,116.25. We asked Richard Kneip, Wackenhut's senior vice president for corporate planning, to explain why a single guard was worth \$66,000 a year; Kneip was at a loss to do so. He was similarly at a loss to explain a fifth check, from another Barbouti company to Wackenhut's travel-service division in 1987, almost two years before Wackenhut has acknowledged providing security for the Boca Raton plant.

Two former CIA operatives, separately interviewed, have the explanation. Charles Hayes, who describes himself as "a CIA asset," says Wackenhut was helping Barbouti ship chemicals to Iraq. "Supplying Iraq was originally a good idea," he maintains, "but then it got out of hand. Wackenhut was just in it for the money." Richard Babayan, the former CIA contract employee, confirmed Hayes's account. He says that Wackenhut's relationship with Barbouti existed before the Boca Raton plant opened: "Barbouti was placed in the hands of Secord by the CIA, and Secord called in Wackenhut to handle security and travel and protection for Barbouti and his export plans." Wackenhut, Babayan says, was working for the CIA in helping Barbouti ship the chemical-and-nuclear-weapons-making equipment first to Texas, then to Chicago, and then to Baltimore to be shipped overseas. All of which makes the story of the midnight convoy ride of David Ramirez, recounted at the beginning of this article, rather less mysterious. SPY has learned that this shipment is now the subject of a joint USDA-Customs investigation.

When we asked George Wackenhut what was being shipped from Eagle Pass to Chicago, the sharp, straightforward chairman at first claimed they were protecting



George Wackenhut and wife Ruth at a 1969 gala. Below, the Wackenhuts' estate on Casuarina Concourse in Coral Gables.



Below: Former Florida governor Claude Kirk places IOU note in a time capsule with George Wackenhut (center, as pirate) and Grace Kelly's brother, Jack (right).



an unnamed executive. He then directed an aide to get back to me. Two days later, Richard Kneip did, repeating the tale that had been passed on to David Ramirez—that the trucks contained food stamps. We told him that we had spoken to a Department of Agriculture official, who informed us that food stamps are shipped *from* Chicago to outlying areas, *never* the other way around, and that food stamps, unlike money, are used once and then destroyed. All Kneip would say then was, "We do not reveal the names of our clients."

WACKENHUT'S connection to the CIA and to other government agencies raises several troubling questions.

First, is the CIA using Wackenhut to conduct operations that it has been forbidden to undertake? Second, is the White House or some other party in the executive branch working through Wackenhut to conduct operations that it doesn't want Congress to know about? Third, has Wackenhut's cozy relationship with the government given it a feeling of security—or,

worse, an outright knowledge of sensitive or embarrassing information—that allows the company to believe that it can conduct itself as though it were above the law? A congressional investigation into Wackenhut's activities in the Alyeska affair last November [see "Sure, but Wackenhut Must Have Its Good Points, Right?," page 54] began to shed some light on Wackenhut's way of doing business; clearly it's time for Congress to investigate just how far Wackenhut's other tentacles extend. **D**

Additional reporting by Eric Reguly, Margie Sloan and Wendell Smith

SURE, BUT WACKENHUT MUST HAVE ITS GOOD POINTS, RIGHT?

Not really. Wackenhut's labors on behalf of Arab despots aren't the company's only unsavory episodes. Here are some other items from our Wackenhut file:

- ❖ Wackenhut's right-wing politics have not been confined to supporting U.S. administrations. In 1977, Wackenhut obtained special permission to operate in Belgium; according to Edward Herman and Gerry O'Sullivan's *The Terrorism Industry*, Wackenhut "quickly got involved with right-wing terrorists who were themselves linked to state security agents." Wackenhut's local director in Brussels, Jean-Francis Calmette, was a rightist who had hired and given combat instruction to members of Westland New Post, a Belgian fascist group. Wackenhut left Belgium in the early 1980s, following accusations that its guards were luring immigrant children into basements and beating them.

- ❖ Tom Carpenter of the Washington-based Government Accountability Project, a nonprofit organization that protects whistle-blowers, considers Wackenhut a major oppressor. At many of the nuclear installations guarded by Wackenhut, the company works to identify and discourage whistle-blowers. Earlier this year, an investigation by the Energy Department's Inspector General's Office into the illegal use of electronic eavesdropping equipment at plants run by Westinghouse and other private companies in the nuclear-energy business found 147 different pieces of surveillance equipment; one could listen in on 200 phones at once. Many of the bugs had been planted by Wackenhut. The private companies agreed to dismantle the equipment, and sent the bugs off to a Department of Energy training center in Albuquerque. As it happens, the training center is operated by Wackenhut. These are not the only complaints against the company. Robert Jacques of the Energy Department's Inspector General's Office told SPY, "We have had hundreds of complaints about Wackenhut."

- ❖ This August a House committee was due to release a report on its investigation into the way Wackenhut's Special Investigations Division handled a job for one of its clients, the oil consortium Alyeska. The committee has been looking into allegations, reported on *60 Minutes* and elsewhere, that Wackenhut had conducted illegal surveillance of an outspoken Alyeska critic, Chuck Hamel, who has funneled information about the oil consortium's safety and environmental abuses to Congress and the media for more than a decade. Wackenhut is accused of setting up a phony environmental-law firm and offering money to Hamel to discover his Alyeska sources. Wackenhut says it operated legally.

- ❖ While Wackenhut has been involved with the CIA in clandestine adventures, sometimes it just goes off on its own. That's what happened last year, when Wackenhut's dirty work on behalf of a client helped bring down a presidential aide and fueled unrest that led to an attempted coup against the democratically elected, pro-American government of Venezuela.

On June 21, 1991, Wayne Black, the director of Wackenhut's Special Investigations Division, flew from Miami to Caracas. He traveled on an Abu Dhabi passport, using the name Wayne Jenkins—the same name he'd used while heading the Alyeska business. The purpose of this trip was to destroy the reputation of Orlando Garcia, the chief of security for President Carlos Andres Perez.

According to Gus Castillo, a former FBI special agent who worked for Wackenhut, Black began last summer to plant false information about Garcia with government officials, members of opposition parties and other influential Venezuelans. Black's stories concerned an investigation by the Venezuelan attorney general into accusations that a munitions company owned by Garcia had taken money from the army for weapons it failed to supply. Garcia


denied any wrongdoing but resigned later in the year and was placed under house arrest. "You would not be wrong in saying that Wackenhut helped get Orlando Garcia out of the government," says a source in the Venezuelan government.

Soon the stories Black had spread took on a life of their own. President Perez, who had been hailed by President Bush as "one of the great democratic leaders of our hemisphere," was suffering a bout of unpopularity. Austerity measures he had implemented had lowered the standard of living. New allegations of corruption by a member of the president's inner circle fueled this unrest, and in February 1992 a group of midlevel army officers attempted a military coup. In the end, Perez survived an attack that claimed three of his bodyguards; 17 soldiers and 42 civilians were also killed. Meanwhile, Orlando Garcia fled to Paris.

Wackenhut helped instigate this episode neither to forward a political philosophy nor to protect any security interests, but simply for a fee. The client was Blanca Ibanez, a wealthy 38-year-old Venezuelan expatriate now living in Boca Raton who is the mistress of Jaime Lusinchi, Perez's predecessor as president. In addition to her duties as Lusinchi's personal secretary and mistress, Ibanez had another responsibility—regulating the flow of hard currency in and out of Venezuela. After she left public office, her activities were investigated, and she was suspected of stealing more than \$300 million. The person in charge of that investigation was Orlando Garcia.

In May 1991, Ibanez flew to Miami; when she arrived, she and her luggage were searched by U.S. Customs officials. The search was conducted at the request of Venezuelan officials, who were hunting for financial records and evidence of offshore accounts. Nothing showed up, but Ibanez was clearly rattled. Soon afterward, she had her American attorney hire Wackenhut to stymie the Venezuelan government's investigation of her. Obviously, Wackenhut was successful, although apparently only in the short run. This past June, the Venezuelan attorney general indicted her for influence-peddling.

- ❖ Michael Riconosciuto is the mysterious convicted drug dealer who became a government informer and then became a Wackenhut employee, and who is now back in jail [see "Badlands," April 1992]. He told SPY that during the early 1980s he was "working for Wackenhut to adapt Inslaw's Promis." Promis is the computer program allegedly stolen by Reagan-administration officials from Inslaw, a software company, and resold for private gain. Although Wackenhut denies any involvement with improper appropriation of software, Riconosciuto said in an interview with SPY that he "met with George Wackenhut and John Ammarell [a Wackenhut board member and consultant to George Wackenhut] in Las Vegas." Riconosciuto went on to say that accompanying him was Dr. John Philip Nichols, the former CIA agent and Wackenhut business partner who was running the shadowy activities on the Cabazon Indian reservation in the California desert. Riconosciuto says that during their Vegas evening together, George Wackenhut asked how his work on the software was coming along.

Such comments from a twice-convicted felon would normally be dismissed out of hand. But in an interview with SPY, Wackenhut's John Ammarell confirmed that such a meeting did indeed take place in Las Vegas. "I don't remember any specific conversations," Ammarell said, "but I think we were there to discuss the sale of George's yacht, the *Top Secret*. I think Nichols said he had a potential buyer." So: The wealthy president of a large security company with CIA ties and one of his board members meet with a drug dealer turned electronics expert and a spook turned arms supplier—and all they discuss is the sale of a boat? 

"And the Warped Record goes to..."



Nirvana



Red Hot Chili Peppers



Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers



Elvis Costello



De La Soul



Frank Zappa

Last spring, we invited you, our readers, to cast your votes for the 1992 SPY Music Awards. These awards were created to honor acts that are, in the words of SPY's motto, smart, fun, funny and fearless. The response, we're delighted to say, was unprecedented. (Of course, as this is the first year that we're presenting these awards, the response would have been unprecedented even if we'd received only one ballot; but the response was also *large*.) Without further ado, we proudly present the winners of the coveted Warped Record for 1992.



BEST SINGER-SONGWRITER

Elvis Costello (Warner Bros.)

- 1st Runner-up: Prince & The New Power Generation (Warner Bros.)
2nd Runner-up: Billy Bragg (Elektra)
3rd Runner-up: Matthew Sweet (Zoo)

BEST ROCK BAND

Red Hot Chili Peppers (Warner Bros.)

- 1st Runner-up: The Pixies (Elektra)
2nd Runner-up: Crowded House (Capitol)
3rd Runner-up: Violent Femmes (Warner Bros.)

BEST RAP ACT

De La Soul (Tommy Boy)

- 1st Runner-up: Salt-N-Pepa (Next Plateau)
2nd Runner-up: MC 900 Ft. Jesus (I.R.S.)
3rd Runner-up: Digital Underground (Tommy Boy)

BEST NEW ARTIST

Nirvana (DGC)

- 1st Runner-up: Crash Test Dummies (Arista)
2nd Runner-up: The KLF (Arista)
3rd Runner-up: Primus (Interscope)

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT

Frank Zappa

BEST ALBUM

**Nirvana (DGC)
*Nevermind***

- 1st Runner-up: Elvis Costello (Warner Bros.)
Mighty Like a Rose
2nd Runner-up: The Pixies (Elektra)
Trompe le Monde
3rd Runner-up: Billy Bragg (Elektra)
Don't Try This at Home

BEST SINGLE

**Nirvana (DGC)
*"Smells Like Teen Spirit"***

- 1st Runner-up: Right Said Fred (Charisma)
"I'm Too Sexy"
2nd Runner-up: The Divinyls (Virgin)
"I Touch Myself"
3rd Runner-up: Negativland (SST)
"U2"

BEST VIDEO

**Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers (MCA)
*"Into the Great Wide Open"***

- 1st Runner-up: Right Said Fred (Charisma)
"I'm Too Sexy"
2nd Runner-up: R.E.M. (Warner Bros.)
"Shiny Happy People"
3rd Runner-up: Red Hot Chili Peppers (Warner Bros.)
"Give It Away"

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CELEBRITY HANDBOOK

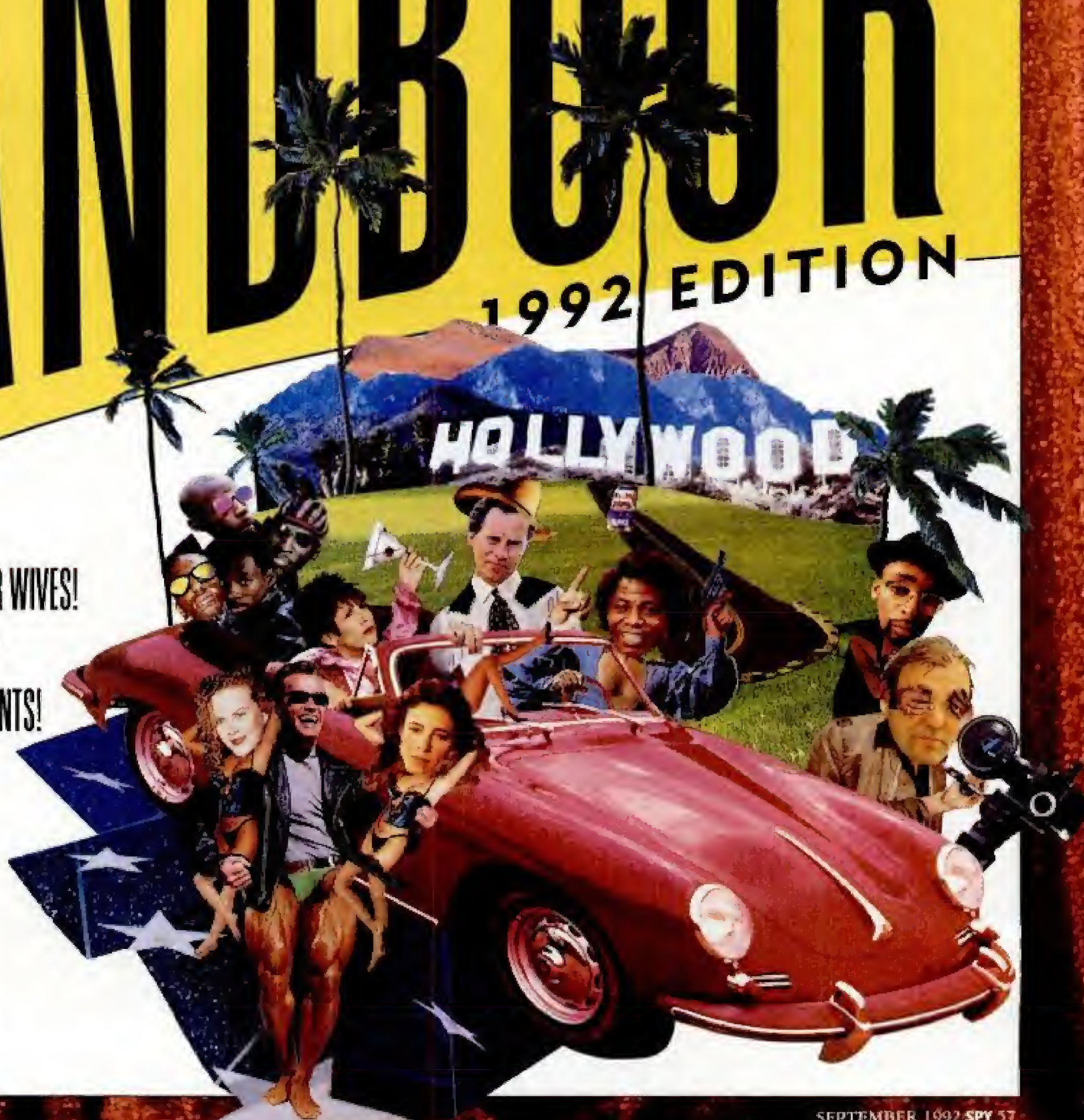
1992 EDITION

★ HOW THEY TALK ABOUT THEIR WIVES!

★ WHICH BLUNT OBJECTS THEY
LIKE TO THROW AT THEIR ASSISTANTS!

★ WHAT THEY SAY TO
MAKE COMPLETE STRANGERS
WANT TO SLEEP WITH THEM!

★ THE ONE STAR WILLING TO
SPEAK CANDIDLY ABOUT OTHER
STARS—ON THE RECORD!



Hollywood Pests

A Field Guide to the Eight Show Business Genuses

AS A SUBJECT for cultural anthropologists, the entertainment industry can be confusing and unrewarding; for instance, we may never understand why so many agents take their calls via headset (historically, telling lies has not required the use of both arms).

In a community where bad manners are so often mistaken for talent, it becomes difficult to tell who is inherently loathsome and who is merely affecting the outward appearance of loathsomeness. The actor (Bill Cosby) who sends the *International Who's Who* the largest folder of biographical information they have ever received: considerate historian or pathological self-publicist? The icon (Sylvester Stallone) who rejects the predominantly blue room reserved for a press junket because he wants to be photographed only against the color peach: aesthete or asshole?

The following typol-

ogy is the first systematic attempt to classify the various sorts of individuals in the entertainment industry according to empirical observations of their professional behavior. Our research has definitively established eight Hollywood genres: Carnivores, Screamers, Hurlers, Foulmouths, Parasites, Fussbudgets, Shirkers and Neurasthenics. Several of the specimens referred to bear the characteristics of more than one species. And obviously—given the absence of Kathleen Turner, Roseanne Arnold, Mickey Rourke, Whoopi Goldberg, Don Johnson, Sean Young, Marlon Brando and director Renny Harlin, among many others—this guide is not meant to be exhaustive, merely illustrative.

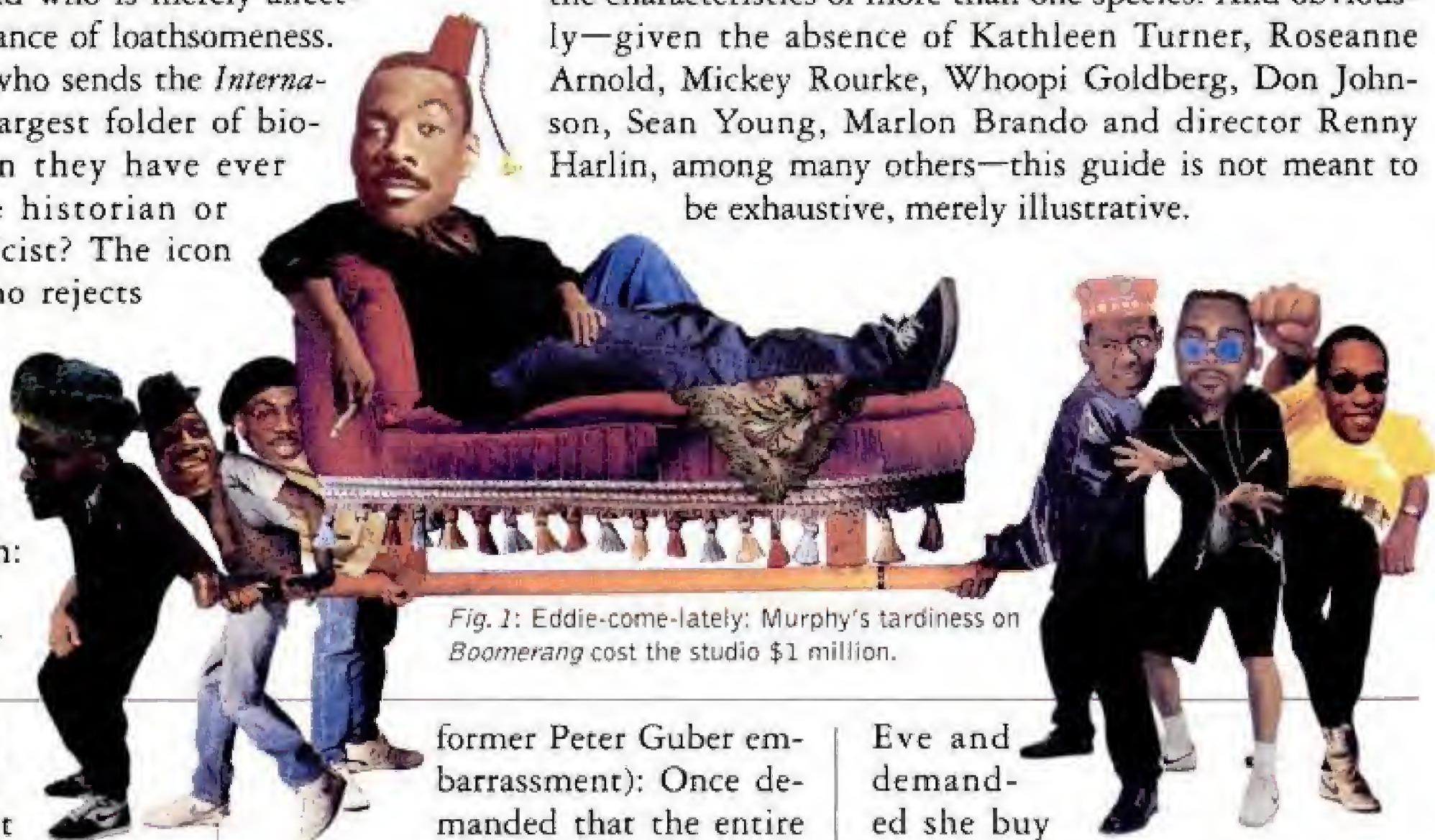


Fig. 1: Eddie-come-lately: Murphy's tardiness on *Boomerang* cost the studio \$1 million.

CARNIVORES

For this group, at the top of the Hollywood food chain, devouring smaller organisms is not only a necessity but a delight. These are creatures whose every action serves to reassert a perceived pecking order. Indeed, it is not uncommon for them to be heard referring to their long-suffering assistants as "Doll-face" or "Shit-for-brains."

Scott Rudin (volatile, cello-shaped producer of *The Addams Family*, *Sister Act*): Notoriously high-handed with employees, he once fired an assistant who'd just picked him up at the airport, leaving the ex-employee to make a long walk back to the city.

Jon Peters (independent producer,

former Peter Guber embarrassment): Once demanded that the entire stretch of parking lot in front of the Thalberg building, on the Sony lot, be reserved for his and Guber's use, requiring messengers to walk nearly five city blocks with deliveries. Also had an assistant dispatch a memo regarding home messenger deliveries to a local courier service: "Never, under any circumstances, go to the front door of [Peters's] house. Never look at the house."

Don Simpson (Fred Flintstone look-alike producer and guy's guy): Simpson, who brought Hollywood boss-assistant relationships to a new level when he and his secretary sued each other for \$5 million, phoned another assistant one Christmas

Eve and demanded she buy him some exotic mustard.

Oliver Stone (conspiracy nut): He regularly made women on the sets of *Platoon* and *Salvador* cry.

Barry Diller (gap-toothed former Fox TV bully and model for *The Simpsons*'s Mr. Burns): Some years ago, when Diller abruptly fired without explanation two florists who'd been providing personalized floral service for him, they asked him to return a vase (and family heirloom) that they'd supplied him. Diller refused.

Norman Lear (tennis-hat-wearing liberal, unwitting financier of magazine for menopausal women): Some years ago, after a delivery boy delivered and carefully stacked 20 cases

of rare wine outside his house, Lear refused to let the boy wash the blood and rotted-wood splinters from his hands—and then relented after warning the boy not to steal food from his kitchen. He did not, however, tip. A spokeswoman for Lear said, "It doesn't sound like him [and] sounds preposterous."

SCREAMERS

Unlike their counterparts in the animal kingdom who will employ fearsome displays—such as the enlargement of throat plumage or the expulsion of pungent glandular spray—in an attempt to avoid actual violence, the Screamer is rarely satisfied with the mere threat of abuse. He thrives on the thing itself.

Scott Rudin: After watching him scream long and loud at an assistant, Jodie Foster (who nevertheless says she'd work with him again) finally lost patience and kicked him off the *Little Man Tate* set and advised him to leave town. And once, in a fit of violent anger in front of his staff, Rudin practically destroyed an office door.

Joel Silver (jumbo-size *Die Hard* and *Lethal Weapon* producer): Forty years old and already the standard-bearer for Hollywood Screammers. Is especially known for comments such as "You'll never work in this industry again." His most recent variation on the theme: "Ask me, 'Do you like pumps?'" *Why?* "Because your next job will be selling shoes!"

Geoff Brandt (agent): Unable to wait in line for visitors' parking at the Paramount gate, he swerved into the employees' entrance and screamed at the guard that he had a "meeting with Ned [Tanen, then head of the studio]" and was "too important" to wait like lesser mortals. Later, when the guard lowered the gate upon Brandt's impending departure from the lot, Brandt crashed his BMW through the gate, telling the guard, "Bill me for the damages, asshole."

HURLERS

Commonly mistaken for the Screamer, the Hurler relates to three-dimensional objects in a manner specific to his breed. When it comes to books, telephones and videocassettes, members of this genus are not content with conventional reading, speaking and viewing. Possessed, as they are, of opposable thumbs, they prefer throwing.

Scott Rudin: He once ended an unpleasant phone conversation in his car by hurling his cellular phone, thus cracking his windshield. Another time, when an assistant quit Rudin's employ abruptly, the producer responded by throwing a book past the assistant's head. He has also been known to throw pens and hot coffee at various objects.

Don Simpson: Angered by a phone call, he once threw a framed photo of his ex-girlfriend across his office.

Barry Diller: Hurling a videotape during a contentious meeting with his former underling Steve Chao; missed



Fig. 2: Emotional fascist Oliver Stone

Chao but dented the wall.

Sally Kellerman (on- and offscreen high-strung 1970s survivor): Some years ago, after leaving a delivery boy waiting out front for 20 minutes, she verbally abused him for being late. When he asked to see her driver's license for a check authorization, she hurled her wallet at his head with a flurry of obscenities.

FOULMOUTHS

Notoriously insensitive to the vagaries and requirements of decorum, these members of the entertainment field use profanity as a means by which to establish territorial rights. Aware both that careers in Hollywood are built on relationships and that relationships require some approximation of honesty, this subspecies mistakes vulgarity for candor.

Scott Rudin: A paramedic on the set of *The Addams Family* reportedly wondered if Rudin had Tourette's syndrome.

Joel Silver: Whenever Fox executive Mike Joyce tried to rein in Silver's spending during production on *Die Hard 2*, Silver would respond, "Fuck you, slimeball."

James Woods (weedy, temperamental actor): Referred to the writer of an unflattering profile in *Esquire* as "unmitigated pus ripped from the ass of a dead dog."

Dawn Steel (former toilet-paper designer, future auteur): While interviewing a job applicant, she told the would-be assistant, "The last one left because I called her a cunt. Would that be a problem for you?"

Mel Gibson (one-note hunk): Telling Spain's largest newspaper, *El Pais*, that he is afraid his fans will think he is gay because he is an actor, he said, "Do I look like a homosexual? Do I talk like them? Do I move like them?" At one point during the interview he stood up, pointed to his posterior and said charmingly, "This is only for taking a shit."

PARASITES

Once one of these individuals is firmly attached to a larger organism, it will suck out cash until it bursts. Parasites operate on the assumption that in the glamour professions, you are as valuable as you are profligate.

Scott Rudin: Regularly insists on parking in the studio lot's handicapped-parking spaces.

Joel Silver: Charged Universal for his \$10,000 birthday party at Michael's restaurant in L.A. *The Hollywood Reporter* accused him of spending \$500,000 of the *Die Hard 2* budget for improvements to his yacht. (Silver denied owning a yacht.)

Eddie Murphy (tiresome Arsenio hanger-on): Demonstrated his anguish over the L.A. riots by not showing up in Atlanta for *Boomerang* reshoots (cost: \$300,000).

Garry Marshall (TV creator-writer unaccountably allowed to make features): He demanded a private basketball court for his use during the filming of the Al Pacino megahit *Frankie and Johnny* (cost: \$20,000).

James Woods: His personal hairdresser on *The Hard Way* (the picture on which another person was well paid to insert Michael J. Fox's contact lenses) made \$6,000 a week.

John Hughes (arrested-development profiteer): During shooting on the Kevin Bacon megahit *She's Having a Baby*, he ordered the film's Teamsters to cruise L.A. for weeks looking for a used car for him to buy for his maid.

Jack Nicholson and Danny DeVito (lovable rogues): During the recent filming of *Hoffa* in Pittsburgh, the two insisted that the Vista Hotel install a special rooftop satellite dish so that they wouldn't miss any Laker games.

FUSSBUDGETS

Perhaps because respect in Hollywood is given only grudgingly, many simply accord it to themselves.

Dawn Steel: Discomfited by the

smell of men's cologne, she has been known to prohibit scent-wearing actors from callbacks during casting sessions.

Herb Ross (soigné director-producer): During the *Steel Magnolias* shoot, the set was shut down at one point so that the carpenters could stretch black fabric over an offending skylight in the hotel room occupied by Ross; the black material was then covered over with fabric of a more pleasing color. On the set, Ross (who insists on being called Herbert—not Herb) will sometimes insert a cigarette into his mouth, light it and then extend his arm straight out from his body, a sign that he expects an underling to appear with an ashtray.

Sam Shepard (sensitive-macho playwright-cowboy): During the shooting of the megahit *Defenseless*, he was repeatedly skittish and whiny about filming scenes that involved physical action.

Lili Fini Zanuck (director-by-marriage): Insists that no one but her can touch the expensive fitness equipment in her suite of offices.

Martha Stewart (unaccountably beloved celebrity Kmart spokeswoman): A clause she inserted in her lecture contract states that she is never to be picked up by a white limousine.

Fig. 3: Sissy cowboy Sam Shepard



SHIRKERS

The Shirker's behavior consists of an elaborate system of feints and dodges. He realizes that while whining, sulking and pouting are useful negotiating skills for getting work in Hollywood, they are even more effective when trying to avoid work.

Prince (teensy megalomaniac): After being told by photographer Herb Ritts to adopt a "sexy pose" atop a grand piano for a *Vogue* cover shoot, he left the session in a huff, saying, "Burn the negatives. People will throw up when they see this."

Jon Peters: He regularly requires that screenplays submitted to him be read into a tape recorder, so that he can listen to them and thus avoid reading entirely.

Jerry Weintraub (unlikely George Bush crony, producer of *Oh, God!* and the three *Karate Kid* movies): When asked to pose for photos for *Los Angeles* magazine, he demanded an agreement in writing guaranteeing that his picture would come first and would be the largest in the story.

Eddie Murphy: During the filming of *Boomerang*, his lateness totaled almost 100 hours, costing the production more than \$1 million.

NEURASTHENICS

The onset of celebrity and wealth exacerbates in some individuals the genus's natural tendency toward territorial anxiety.

James Woods: During the filming of *The Hard Way*, he reportedly imagined that Michael J. Fox's stand-in was trying to steal Woods's girlfriend; Woods stormed up to the stand-in at one point and demanded that he stay off the set whenever Woods was around.

Fan on street to passerby in floppy hat and glasses: *Are you Woody Allen?* Passerby in floppy hat and glasses: Yes. *Are you going to hurt me?* ☹

How to Make Very Special Friends

The Real-life Pickup Lines of the Stars

SIMPLY BEING FAMOUS is no guarantee that people—and here we mean people of the opposite sex—will fawn over you. Indeed, like any middle manager swabbed in Paco Rabanne at Fuddrucker's, celebrities must occasionally

resort to a creative—or less so—pickup line. Herewith, NICKI GOSTIN catalogs some notable and 100 percent *authentic* examples. And MICHAEL HAINEY field-tests some of the stars' pickup lines at a Manhattan singles bar.

CELEBRITY	ACTUAL PICKUP LINE	COMMENTS
Peter Gallagher	"I like to wear rubber underwear."	<i>He was kidding.</i>
Arnold Schwarzenegger	"Your bangability is very high tonight, baby."	<i>Said joshingly to various women at a big wedding; Maria also attended.</i>
Oliver Stone	"Why are you wearing this? I can't see your breasts."	<i>Said to a journalist while grabbing her jacket.</i>
	"Did you get my erection on tape?"	<i>Question asked of a female reporter after Stone was photographed between two other women.</i>
Mick Jagger	"Hey, where are you going?"	
John Stamos	"Got a cigarette?"	
Warren Beatty	"Make a pass at me."	
Antonio Banderas	"I think we should go back to my hotel room now. You are married, I am married, but you are here and I am here, and besides it would be nice."	
Robert De Niro	"If you ever need me for anything, memorize this number."	
Andy Warhol	"We're going to put you in the magazine. Do you want to be in the magazine?"	
James Toback	"You're going to think this is crazy, but I'm a director and I have to use you in my next movie."	
George Weidenfeld	"My dear, I think we have a destiny together."	
Anthony Haden-Guest	"God meant for us to be naked together."	
Jackie Mason	"You are a very sexually attractive young woman, and I would like to get to know you better."	<i>Said before his recent marriage.</i>
Patti D'Arbanville	"Say hello to No. 4."	<i>Said to Don Johnson in response to his telling her he'd been married three times.</i>
James Woods	"If you think that's beautiful, what do you think of this?"	<i>Response to comment by wife's friend about pretty window view; "this" refers to Woods's penis, which he reportedly held in his hands while deploying pickup line. Woods denies this incident occurred.</i>



Fig. 4: Mating call of the Terminator

CELEBRITY	ACTUAL PICKUP LINE	COMMENTS
Mickey Rourke	"Mickey Rourke would like you to join him at his table."	<i>Requires unctuous messenger; recently, before his marriage, Rourke used this proxy technique on models at the Strand in Miami.</i>
Marlo Thomas	"You are really fascinating. You are wonderful. You are loving and generous and like women, and it's a pleasure, and whoever is the woman in your life is lucky."	<i>Said to Phil Donahue when she was a guest on his show.</i>
Lee Atwater	"You have the legs of a runner."	
Penn Jillette	"Want to come back to my place and watch my big TV?"	
Tommy Smothers	"It's my birthday. Kiss me."	<i>Circa 1982.</i>
Boris Godunov	"What color are your lips?"	<i>Was not referring to facial feature.</i>
Pat Caddell	"This is Diane Keaton's favorite room in Washington."	<i>Caddell liked to give women private tours of his house, with emphasis on a room done all in black.</i>
Ted Kennedy	"Hey, babe."	<i>Said sometime before his recent marriage while leaning over female against a wall; when said female was revealed to be a journalist, he declined to follow through.</i>
Marlon Brando	"Are you married?"	<i>Question put to Celeste Holm while pulling on the front of her dress in the late 1950s.</i>
Lauren Hutton	"Nice material."	<i>Most effective when said while rubbing the lining of a man's sport jacket.</i>
Rod Stewart	"Hello, darling. What have you got in your basket?"	<i>Has retired the line now that he's married.</i>

Come to Planet Hollywood Often?

SPY Field-tests the Stars' Lines

JULIE CHRISTIE, Diane Sawyer, Britt Ekland, Madonna. Susan was no different. I approached. I spoke. Mine. Like a deer caught in the headlights. All because I possessed five monosyllables purloined from Warren Beatty.

I was at a bar on upper Amsterdam Avenue—New York's version of Fraternity Row. For four hours, I alternately downed drinks and delivered famous people's pickup lines. I should've known Beatty's would be the clear winner.

Atall, ivory-skinned brunet with extremely red lipstick, Susan wore a sleeveless denim shirt and black jeans. She drank Rolling Rock from the bottle. After I said Beatty's magic words, "**Make a pass at me,**" she looked at me in silence for a minute, then said, "I've been looking for someone strong enough to flip my mattress for me." She asked for my number. (*Post-line conversation time: 25 minutes.*)

Other lines achieved various de-

grees of success. John Stamos's plow horse, "**Got a cigarette?**," was received warmly. Claire, a blond who drank wine spritzers, gave me a Camel but ended the conversation shortly after she learned that I did not work on Wall Street. (*Post-line conversation time: 2 minutes, 20 seconds.*)

"**God meant for us to be naked together,**" a chestnut of writer-bon vivant Anthony Haden-Guest's, might have panned out were it not for Kris's dermatological difficulties.

The heavily mascara'ed brunet wiggled her eyebrows and said, "Maybe. But not tonight. I'm peeling." Our subsequent conversation touched on nude beaches, beer bong, tattoos and Jell-O shots. (*Post-line conversation time: 9 minutes.*) Patty, who stood six feet tall in her Doc Martens, was charmed by Lee Atwater's "**You have the legs of a runner.**" She took a long sip of water, then answered sweetly, "I was a dancer." After a pleasant discussion of stretching exercises, she too requested my number. (*Post-line conversation time: 23 minutes.*)

Tommy Smothers's "**It's my birthday. Kiss me**" was like shooting fish in a barrel. Lisa threw her arms around me and kissed me on the lips, then brought over five friends, all of whom did likewise. Then they bought me a birthday shot of Jack Daniel's. (*Post-line conversation time: 35 minutes.*) Jackie Mason also has a

winner in "You are a very sexually attractive young woman, and I would like to get to know you better." Anna, a martini-drinking bobbed blond in white jeans, kissed me on the cheek and asked, "How much would you like to know?" (*Post-line conversation time: 17 minutes.*)

Then there were some problems. When I deployed Peter Gallagher's "I like to wear rubber underwear," Marie's jaw dropped. Recovering after a drag on her cigarette, she said, "You're a pervert, asshole," before walking away. (*Post-line conversation time: 0 minutes.*)

Then there was Karen, a large-toothed brunet with a propensity for writhing to the music while standing at the bar. When I tried out Schwarzenegger's major salvo, "Your bangability is very high tonight, baby," she slapped me hard. Maybe it was the accent. —Michael Hainey

CELEBRITY HANDBOOK

Part Three

How to Drive the Little People Crazy

Confessions of a Celebrity Book Publicist

THE LATE-TWENTIETH-CENTURY celebrity is, more often than not, a person of many talents. Not only do these well-compensated Renaissance people act or sing or play ball, they also produce exercise videos, save the rain forest, open restaurants, box semiprofessionally and, of course, publish books. And each of these activities provides a new venue in which the celebrity can misbehave.

For the celebrity turned author, the book tour—that institution in which a publicist drags a writer on a grim

pilgrimage through most of the nation's shopping malls—provides ample opportunities to carry on in the capriciously demanding, high-handed and churlish way to which celebrities are accustomed.

One publishing publicity director says he tells his authors they must be "willing to make an ass of themselves" when promoting their books. As the following war stories make clear, it seems that many are more than happy to oblige.

When the publicity assistant assigned to escort **James Brown** on promotional interviews for his 1986 memoir, *James Brown: The Godfather of Soul*, arrived at the *Regis and Kathie Lee* studio to retrieve the singer from an appearance there, she encountered a heretofore unknown person claiming to be Brown's personal manager. Dutifully, the escort dropped off Brown and manager at Brown's hotel, left the duo for a few hours and returned to find Brown—who had another interview imminently—"dazed and strung-out."

On the way to the NBC radio station, says the assistant, the Godfather of Soul "kept looking around like he didn't know where he was." Suddenly he shouted, "Thank God! Thank God!" at nothing in particular.

Inside the studio, Soupy Sales started the interview by saying, "I'm so thrilled you had time to come and talk with me about your book." "What book?" said Brown.



After canceling the rest of Brown's bookings for the day, the assistant and manager headed for the limo, with the disoriented singer following behind. Brown took a wrong turn out the fire exit, setting off an alarm. The handlers rushed to Brown's side and piloted him to the waiting car. Safely installed in the limo and wrapped in white fur, Brown fell over like a tipped cow, but not before the assistant watched helplessly as the Soul Man belted out "Living in America."

And who can forget **Mr. T's** eponymous autobiography, which was actually touted by an editor as "the next *Autobiography of Malcolm X*"? During his 20-city tour, the former *A-Team* star insisted on eating every meal at McDonald's. Among publicist Diane Mancher's duties was placing the author's regular order twice a day: two double cheeseburgers, nine pieces of chick-

Fig. 5: The hardest-working man in publishing—not

en McNuggets, large fries and a strawberry shake. She was also commanded to keep fans and excited children at bay while the author ate.

Don Drysdale, the ex-Dodger and author of *Once a Bum, Always a Dodger*, thought on at least one occasion that the way to an interviewer's heart was talking about his two young children. The strategy backfired. "He couldn't remember the kids' names," his publicist recalled. "He used to call his kids 'that little one' and 'that really little one.'" One of the kids' names is Don Jr.

After a sales conference in Nashville, good-natured football hero **Art Donovan** and his publicist were forced to consult a beer distributor after unsuccessfully scouring several local groceries for Donovan's brand (apparently a rarity in Nashville), Schlitz. Then he drank 24 cans in the back of his limo and instructed his publicist to ring Dolly Parton's doorbell and see if she was home.

The late actress and autobiographer **Yvonne DeCarlo**, best known for her role as Lily Munster, was known to call her publisher in the afternoons to complain, for example, that "Mexicans are hanging in my trees."

When ex-Supreme **Mary Wilson** was promoting *Dreamgirl*, her tell-all about the Motown trio, the publicist arrived at the author's home in a limo to take Wilson and six family members to a publication party. En route to the party, a cousin realized that Wilson's mother wasn't with them: She had been left on the curb, dressed in her Sunday best. Wilson's response: "Fuck it, we're late."

British espionage writer **Jeffrey Archer** once asked his escort to re-fold his laundry because he was unhappy with the way the dry cleaners had executed the task.

But not every celebrity author is so full of demands. One of the most ardent self-promoters ever to hit the publicity circuit is **Steven Gaines**, the chronicler of the Beatles and the Beach Boys. Gaines once told a colleague he would "walk across garbage to do publicity."
—Jodie Gould

Wife-Swapping With Tom Cruise

WHILE FLOGGING his latest flop, *Far and Away*, to the press last spring, tiny actor-Scientologist Tom Cruise talked to journalists about what it's like being married to his costar, Australian actress-Scientologist Nicole Kidman. When asked about his previous marriage, to American actress-Scientologist Mimi Rogers, Cruise dismissed their divorce as "history...old news...not even something I think about." And yet Cruise's comments about Kidman had a familiar ring....Here's a brief recap of the Robolover's remarks about his wives.

ROGERS ERA	KIDMAN ERA
"I'm just happier now than I've ever been in my life."— <i>Time</i> , December 25, 1989	"This has been the best year for me."— <i>Us</i> , July 1992
"Since I've been with her, it's opened me up a lot."— <i>Rolling Stone</i> , January 11, 1990	"It's like a whole new life opened up."— <i>Rolling Stone</i> , May 28, 1992
"The most important thing for me is I want Mimi to be happy."— <i>Time</i> , December 25, 1989	"She's the most important thing to me."— <i>Rolling Stone</i> , May 28, 1992
"We share everything."— <i>Rolling Stone</i> , January 11, 1990	"We do everything together."— <i>Rolling Stone</i> , May 28, 1992
"I couldn't imagine being without her or being alone."— <i>Rolling Stone</i> , January 11, 1990	"I don't like being away from her, she doesn't like being away from me."— <i>Movies USA</i> , June 1992
"We live a lot of life together."— <i>Rolling Stone</i> , January 11, 1990	"We do a lot of stuff together."— <i>Us</i> , July 1992
"She's my best friend."— <i>Rolling Stone</i> , January 11, 1990	"She's become my best friend."— <i>Us</i> , July 1992

Fig. 6: Tom and Mimi and Tom and Nicole



How to Tell the Truth

A CANDID INTERVIEW with Carrie Fisher, in which she reveals herself to be a rare commodity—a celebrity willing to say mean things about other celebrities (even Spike Lee)

I'd like to mention a few names and just get some quick reactions: Julia Phillips.

CARRIE FISHER: I heard that she said my book is like me: "tiny, witty and eager to be loved." You want to say, "What, we should all try to get everyone to hate us?"

Ron Reagan.

I still want to do more on Julia Phillips.

Go ahead.

That's okay. Who is Ron Reagan? Is he a ballet dancer? A talk show host? I do respect the fact that it's hard to be somebody's kid. Patti Davis called me to get some advice about Mother. She was going to go after Mother. I said, well, do it, but be a little bit funny. It's not like it's going to be a shock. "Really? Nancy's not nice? Oh, my God, that's so weird! I thought she was just adorable, with those tiny shoulders and that big helmet hair."

Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Oh, the name alone. What does it mean? I saw him at a [George] Bush dinner. I wasn't invited, I went with [David] Geffen. Arnold's a Republican bodybuilder. For the same reasons that Reagan was president, Schwarzenegger is our biggest star.

Bret Easton Ellis.

Sweet guy. So what if he's written a book about headless women being fucked in the neck: "Honey, don't interrupt me right now, I'm reading about someone being sodomized while their brains are lying on the floor. It's poetry."

Jerry Lewis.

Terrible hair.

Oprah Winfrey.

I saw the Oprah Winfrey show only



Fig. 7: Carrie Fisher: Spike Lee's bride from hell?

once, and I've never watched it again. The theme was abused children who finally couldn't take it anymore and murdered their parents. She's talking to this young woman whose father had raped her every day for her whole life and she finally got a gun. Then he came to rape her again. Oprah Winfrey says, "What happened the day you murdered your father?" And the woman says, "I said I didn't want to talk about the particulars of

that." Oprah looks at the camera and the audience and goes, "You're on a show about children who murdered their parents and you don't want to talk about that?" Oprah does a look like, "Hey, you're here to sell beef and you don't want to talk about the burger you had?" Talk about cold. Talk about not having a soul.

David Letterman.

He has no life, from what I understand. I said to him on the air, "My sense of this is, I get nervous coming on the show, you get nervous when the show ends." He said, "You're not far off from the truth," and then he changed the subject. He will not talk to you in the halls, because if you say, "Hello," you're wasting it. He wants it all saved up. The only thing that's important is when the camera's on. The guy isn't interested in people, he's interested in the show.

Cher.

She's a little long in the tubes to be prancing around naked in public. I'm sorry, but that's the way it is. I don't make up the facts, I just report them.

Ali MacGraw.

Well, she does this makeup commercial I watch all the time. They do it like it's a talk show. My fantasy is that I'm watching the show and people come in and I go, "Shhh, shhh, wait, I love this part about highlighting."

Sam Donaldson.

He doesn't move his face when he talks. His eyes are like shark eyes. Dead.

Jesse Jackson.

Fun to watch being interviewed. He'll answer any question because he's genuinely interested in himself. He loves himself, and I love to watch people who love themselves. It's like watching a great bath.

Norman Mailer.

Well, he asked for \$50,000 to do the Madonna interview [for *Rolling Stone*] and they wouldn't go for it. I did it for \$3,500, and they printed it twice.

Prince.

I like Prince. He's sleeping with all these gorgeous white women and never talking about it himself but getting them to talk about it and ruining their careers in the South.

Jack Nicholson.

He's fun because he doesn't make sense. I told him recently at a party that he should sleep with me so that I could write about it. I got him to think about it for a couple of minutes.

Warren Beatty.

He claims that I came on to him in London. Now, I've never come on to anyone. I'm sure I said, "Come on, Warren, I didn't give my virginity to you, so let's do it now." And he took it seriously, because humor is not Warren's strongest suit. He must think of me as a failure. His one failure.

You've said that you declined his offer to relieve you of your virginity when you made *Shampoo* together.

Right, I chose reality over anecdote. I didn't want to be at the receiving end of his technique.

Spike Lee.

Get a sense of humor! It makes total sense that the first hot black director we have is angry and racist, because there have been so many white racist directors, and we never talk about that. And I can see that it would be difficult to be funny and be that angry at the same time. But his interviews are so heavy. Lighten up, Spike, you got the job. He's a powerful guy. In fact, he would be a great boyfriend for me. Torture, black eyes. Can you imagine? I'm the wife Spike Lee deserves. A white woman, which he says he would never be with, so let's get someone really white. I am Spike Lee's Wife from Hell. I'm white and weird and I won't pay enough attention to him. If he does any more of those angry interviews, I'm going to write him and see if he wants the wife he deserves. ☺

Excerpted from The Portable Curmudgeon Redux, by Jon Winokur, to be published by Dutton in October

The SPY Movie-Star Salary Index

THE VALUE OF any commodity is simply the price the commodity last traded at on an exchange. Since movie stars are commodities—sort of like Heating Oil No. 2, but with leased Winnebagos and personal managers—their value can also be determined simply by looking up their latest price. The figures below consist of both highly educated estimates and precise hard figures; they represent guaranteed advances only, not the perks and percentages that sweeten almost every deal. The price trends are our divinations, based on previous fees and current hotness.

Herewith, the first installment of the SPY Movie-Star Salary Index.

STAR	RECENT PRICE (MILLIONS)	CURRENT PRICE TREND*	REMARKS
Woody Allen	\$4	↘	
Alec Baldwin	\$4	↔	
Warren Beatty	\$9	↘	
Jeff Bridges	\$3	↔	
Chevy Chase	\$6	↔	
Sean Connery	\$5-6	↔	\$10 million for <i>Medicine Man</i> only
Kevin Costner	\$7-8	↗	Now negotiating \$12 million fees
Tom Cruise	\$12	↘	
Macaulay Culkin	\$5	↔	
Geena Davis	\$2.5	↔	
Michael Douglas	\$6	↗	\$17 million for <i>Basic Instinct</i> only
Richard Dreyfuss	\$5	↔ to ↘	
Harrison Ford	\$9	↔ to ↗	
Mel Gibson	\$10	↔ to ↗	150 percent up since 1989
Melanie Griffith	\$1	↔	
Tom Hanks	\$5	↔	
Goldie Hawn	\$3	↘	
Michael Keaton	\$5-10	↔	\$10 million for <i>Batman Returns</i> only
Madonna	\$1	↔	
Steve Martin	\$6	↔	
Eddie Murphy	\$12	↔ to ↘	
Bill Murray	\$8	↔ to ↘	Plus huge back-end percentage for <i>Ghostbusters II</i>
Paul Newman	\$2.5-4	↔ to ↘	
Jack Nicholson	\$8-9	↔	Plus record back-end percentage for <i>Batman</i>
Al Pacino	\$3	↘	
Joe Pesci	\$1.7	↗	
Michelle Pfeiffer	\$6	↗	
Robert Redford	\$4	↘	
A. Schwarzenegger	\$12-20	↔	Up 100 percent since 1988
Steven Seagal	\$10	↔	
Sylvester Stallone	\$6-12	↘	
Sharon Stone	\$3-7	↗	\$7 million for <i>Basic Instinct II</i>
Meryl Streep	\$3	↘	
Sigourney Weaver	\$2-5	↔ to ↘	\$5 million for <i>Alien³</i> only
Bruce Willis	\$3-7.5	↔	\$7.5 million for <i>Die Hard III</i> ; price down 35 percent since 1990 ☹

* ↗ = up; ↔ = steady; ↘ = down

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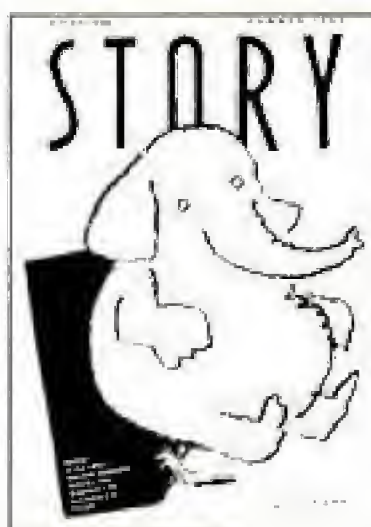


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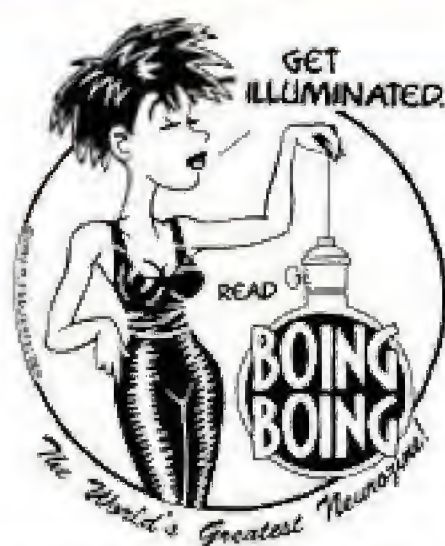
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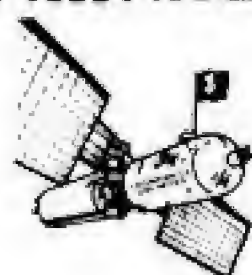


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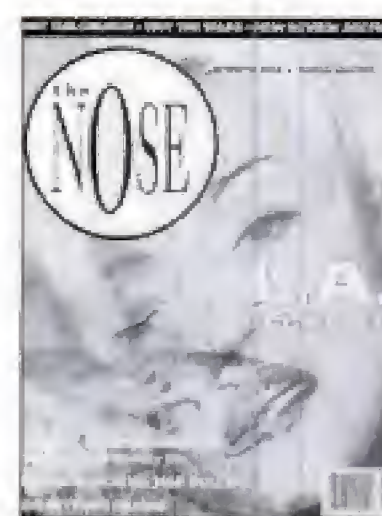
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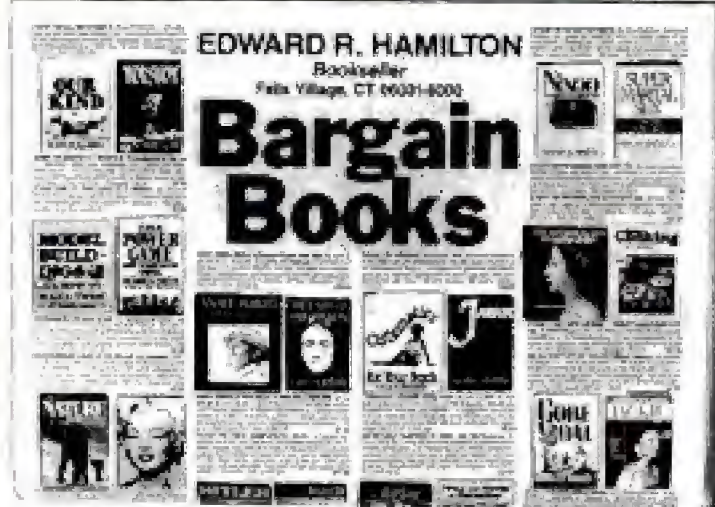
The Realist

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You're a college sophomore. You're bored.

You think your parents' \$20,000 a year would be better spent on a luxurious cruise around the world, or a pub crawl through Britain, or a three-month shopping spree through Milan and Paris.

Europe on Three Credits a Day

Nahhhh, you think, I could never get away with that. But you could. Your school has a special department that offers fully approved, yearlong goof-off opportunities: the office of foreign studies



there was a time, long before Alan Dershowitz and Leonard Jeffries, when American higher education was actually considered second-rate. Anyone who hoped to pass himself off as a truly learned person went abroad: Robert Oppenheimer, post-Harvard, studied quantum physics at Germany's Göttingen University; John Foster Dulles followed up Princeton and George Washington University with the Sorbonne; George Plimpton, evidently eager to hone his accent, did his master's work at Cambridge University. But Marconi invented the wireless; *Fibber McGee and Molly* caught on; people stopped reading books; and, in time, foreign study, consistent with the dumbing-down of every other facet of American life, became a significantly less lofty pursuit.

by David Kamp

SEPTEMBER 1992 SPY 71

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The 50 Stupidest College Courses in America

You don't have to leave America on some fraudulent foreign program to either eat chèvre or take ridiculous courses. Listed below are some actual courses you can take for credit from actual American universities. So pop open a Grolsch, pick your schedule for the fall semester, and have that worthless junior-year-abroad experience without waiting in a long line to renew your passport.

Leisure: The Individual and Society "...Students formulate their own philosophy of leisure and develop an understanding of their own leisure behavior." *University of Georgia*

Canada in World Affairs "A broad survey of the Canadian experience in international politics...." *St. Lawrence University*

UFOs in American Society "...Films such as *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and *The Thing* will be shown." *Temple University*

Myths in the Media "...The archetypal human quest for the mysterious source of being is symbolized in media themes such as the Force, the UFO, and the heroic cosmic Savior...." *Ithaca College*

Fashion Retail Buying *University of Massachusetts-Amherst*

The Aesthetics of Science Fiction "An examination of significant works of science fiction....Among authors and critics studied are Asimov, Clarke, Wells, Zamiatin, Lem, Smith, Blish, Capek, and LeGuin. The course will also examine a number of science fiction films." *Skidmore College*

Household Equipment: "Selection, construction, operation, and care of household equipment." *Brigham Young University*



tODAY'S COLLEGE STUDENT REGARDS THE JUNIOR YEAR ABROAD AS little more than an opportunity to travel a few months and sample indigenous rind cheeses, lagers and recreational drugs. The contemporary undergraduate departs from JFK not for the purpose of opening new educational doors but to live out predictable fantasies: to submit to a wavy-haired Florentine named Sebastiano; to get one's ear pierced (twice!) in London; to take up with Nepalese Buddhists and shun the bourgeois trappings of one's parents; to collect notes for a memoir of sexual awakening to be called *Bonsoir, Lisette*. Whatever the scenario, it culminates in the return of a newly worldly 20-year-old who impresses associates by recalling time spent "at university."

Educationally slight as these holidays-for-credit may be, they are immensely popular, and many schools faced with declining enrollments feel forced to offer overseas programs in order to stay competitive. "If you were recruiting a pre-freshman to come to Brown, and the kid was applying to Brown and Dartmouth and the usual competition," says Duncan Smith, the former director of foreign studies at Brown University, "one of the questions the kid has right now is, 'Where can I study abroad?' And if Brown can't say, 'Well, we have all these wonderful opportunities,' then the kid may be lost to Brown—and with him, his millions."

Foreign study not only attracts students but is itself a profitable business. Some colleges earn money by running programs available to students from other schools. Other colleges demand surcharges to hold students' places in their graduating classes while they are away for the semester. Likewise, foreign universities receive American students as a way of keeping themselves in the black—but not without objections from some of the stodgier faculty. "What you tend to get is, the old French don comes out and finds a lot of Americans playing baseball on the college lawn," says John Morrill, a professor of history at Cambridge University. "He goes to see the master. And the master says, 'But you know, we're £50,000 better off. Can't you put up with a bit of baseball?'" Administrators are not the only ones who see the benefit of study-abroad programs—many faculty members are very pleased to leave their grim northern universities to spend a well-paid year teaching American idlers in sun-dappled Umbria.

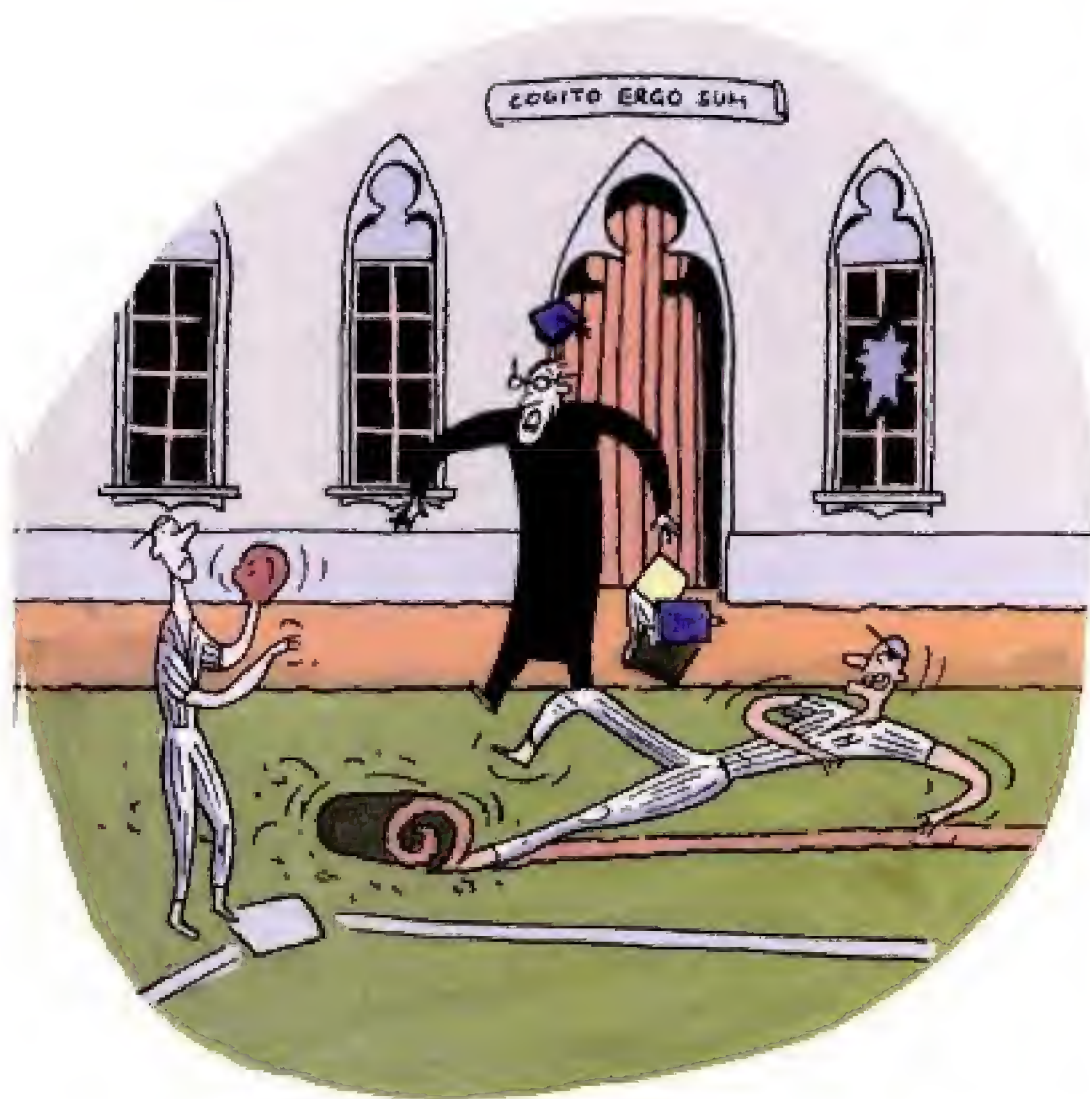
Financial considerations, coupled with humanity's undeniable advance toward one-worldism—witness the European Community, the increased prominence of the UN, the many, many white people with dreadlocks—have left the American student with a surfeit of foreign-study options. According to the Institute of International Education, the number of such programs available to American undergraduates has more than doubled over the last decade, from 1,700 to 3,500. In the last few years, these programs have included one that sends students to New Zealand to study home economics (for credit), another that lets students study interior design in London (for credit), and another that enables students to study photography and scuba diving in the Virgin Islands (for credit). Some foreign-study programs are no doubt tough and legitimate, but all too many seem like Bill Murray—movie boondoggles. Judging from the testimony of recent study-abroad veterans, the boondoggly sort of program suits lots of undergraduates just fine.

Ahoy, Mateys!

SEMESTER AT SEA, A PROGRAM ADMINISTERED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF Pittsburgh, enables students to spend half an academic year traveling the world aboard the 18,000-ton S.S. *Universe*. The program costs \$11,000, and its credits are accepted by such schools as Syracuse University and Wesleyan.

"Let me give you an average day for me," says Jason Blumenthal, a cheerful Syracuse alumnus and a Semester at Sea veteran. "Wake up in the

"The old French don comes out and finds Americans playing baseball on the college lawn"



morning. You go to a class that everyone else has to take, called the Core class. You get up, you go to Core, whatever—no one really goes. Most people after Core class just go out and swim in the pool. And you get about 400 kids *hangin' out* in the middle of whatever ocean we happen to be traveling through, in the middle of nowhere, just *hangin' out* by the pool. Some read, some play, some are listening to the music, others are just *hangin' out*. You go to a couple of classes here and there, you

hang out, you go to lunch. You move from lunch back to maybe a couple more classes, out to the pool. About 5:30, everyone meets for sunset on the top deck, playin' music, watchin' the sunset. The sun drops in the ocean, everyone claps, everyone moves into the bar. The bar is fully stocked with three professional bartenders. You have to pay, but there's no drinking age at sea, and it's not like your New York bar prices—very reasonable prices. You go in for half an hour, you pack a little buzz here and there, you *hang out* with your friends, a couple games of backgammon, a couple games of cards. The bell rings, you go to dinner, you *hang out*, you talk about the day in which you did nothing anyways. After dinner, you do homework—I mean, *if* you do homework—and then about an hour and a half after dinner the bar reopens and everybody parties the whole night. You dance. You sing. You *hang out* until you either pass out or you get—you know, you find a friend to move down to your room with. And then you wake up and do the whole thing over again." This is not quite all there was to it, though. Blumenthal says that he drank a shot of live snake blood in Taiwan.

The air-conditioned boat—the "floating campus," in Semester at Sea parlance—features a cafeteria, library, student center, swimming pool and classrooms where students take courses with professors loafing away their sabbaticals from reputable institutions like Dartmouth, Stanford and the University of Minnesota.

The program's promotional videotape, *A Voyage of Discovery*, recalls those shown by travel agents to customers interested in holiday cruises: scenes of exotic Oriental locales (accompanied by gongs on the soundtrack), aerobics classes on the deck, happy cruisers learning how to play some sort of Third World percussion instrument requiring a mallet. In one scene, a permed male professor in shorts sits in a deck chair and presides over a class of students who are, by and large, clad in bathing suits.

A typical voyage lasts 100 days and makes stops in the Caribbean,

Fame and Fortune: Materialism, Business Values, and the American Success Ethic "Since there is, in fact, a life after Trinity College, what is its purpose? What should its purpose be?..." *Trinity College*

From Ancient Astronauts to Lost Continents: Fantasies and Facts in Archaeology "Penicillin in Egypt thousands of years ago? Extraterrestrial aliens responsible for ancient Mayan culture in Central America? We will review the arguments for these and other unconventional theories in light of current archaeological knowledge and seek an interpretation for their popular appeal." *Brandeis University*

Some Indispensable Texts "Some books should be known to every educated person. There is no fixed canon or agreed list of such great books and life is too short to read all of them. But probably no one would deny that the texts assigned in this course are among them. These texts are not connected by genre, theme or cultural history; each will be studied in and for itself. Our only aim is understanding." *Wesleyan University*

J.R.R. Tolkien "Tolkien's theories of the fantasy or 'faerie' story are studied in his short stories, *The Hobbit*, and *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy." *Alfred University*

Camp Counseling "Designed to give prospective camp counselors an understanding of the total camp program, duties and responsibilities of camp counselors. Techniques of camp leadership will be considered." *University of Georgia*

Leisure Education "The recreation professional is considered a facilitator of his/her clients' expanded leisure awareness. Focus is on enabling clients to evaluate the individual and social dynamics of leisure, and assess their leisure attitudes, skills, and options." *Ithaca College*

Cheerleading "Basic training in the techniques of cheerleading, including: arm motions, cheerleading routines, voice projection, double stunts, pyramid design along with a development of safety guidelines, crowd control and teamwork." *University of Nevada at Las Vegas*



Topics in Popular Music Culture: The Beatles and Their Age "An interdisciplinary study of the music of the 1960s focusing upon developments in the music and lyrics—and collective biography—of the Beatles...." *Amherst College*

Rock Music and Rock Film "Students will investigate examples of rock music by groups and composers who also made films. Artists will include Elvis Presley, the Beatles, the Who, Frank Zappa and the Talking Heads. When possible pertinent films will be shown." *Wesleyan University*

Rapping America "An examination of the development and significance of African American rap music and its correlates in hip-hop culture....Through the use of listening assignments we will examine a discography of rappers, including Sugarhill Gang, Run-DMC, Salt-n-Pepa, N.W.A, Public Enemy, Queen Latifah, and M.C. Hammer." *Carleton College*

Guided Imagery and Music "Guided Imagery and Music (GIM) is a method of self exploration in which music is used to access the imagination." *Iona College*

Whodunit "...We will learn something of the genre by reading the classics—Doyle, Christie, Hammett or Chandler—as well as one or two currently popular authors...." *Wellesley College*

Sessions: Realtime (Improvisational) Expressive Collaborations, Interactive Composition, Conversations in Non-Verbal Expressive Languages *Bard College*

Story-telling "Tell your own story. Tell someone else's story. Hear someone else's story...." *Bard College*

Visualizing the Fourth Dimension "...In this seminar we will investigate ways of visualizing worlds of different spatial dimensions as exhibited in the art of Magritte, Escher, and Dali [and] in the fiction of H. G. Wells, Martin Gardner, Robert Heinlein and Jorge Luis Borges...." *Trinity College*

Rock and Roles: Media Mythology and Music History "The aesthetic substance of the popular music culture subsists not only in the performed works of its celebrated artists, but in their publicly exhibited lives and lifestyles as well...." *Bard College*



One teacher in Provence, an expatriate American poet, tended to bring bottles of wine to class

Morocco, Eastern Europe, the Middle East, India, the Far East and the Pacific Northwest. The point of the glamorous itinerary, the program's literature says, is to acquire "experiential knowledge." As an illustration of this philosophy, a photograph in the program's brochure shows a young white woman in matching yellow hairband and polo shirt gingerly touching an Indian boy's saffron robe as if it were a urine specimen.

Semester at Sea is expensive, so many students gain the experiential knowledge of not only being very rich but also being very rich on a boat. One alumna, Lauren Barr, says that on the return trip across the Pacific her year, an auction was held to benefit the peoples of the port cities the S.S. *Universe* had visited. A student bought a bag of Oreos for more than \$2,000.

Just as midwestern seafood restaurants tenuously link themselves with the ocean by decorating table booths with netting and scrimshaw, Semester at Sea sometimes has to stretch to make its curriculum relevant to the shipboard setting. It is probably for this reason that the theater-arts department mounts performances not of *Gypsy* but of Eugene O'Neill's sea plays.

The Razor's Edge

LIKE SEMESTER AT SEA, THE INTERNATIONAL HONORS PROGRAM OPERATES under a credo of experiential, can't-be-learned-from-a-textbook education. Based in Boston, the program is run by the nonprofit International School of America, a foundation that hires professors and nonacademics to lead semester- and yearlong journeys constructed around specific themes. For example, a few years ago the theme was "Religion and Ethnicity," and the students and faculty visited England, France, Spain, Italy, Egypt, Israel, India, Nepal, Thailand, China and Japan. The five-person faculty included George De Vos, a Berkeley anthropology professor, and Suzanne Lake (Mrs. George De Vos), whose greatest qualification as an ethnologist was that she had appeared in 1,300 Broadway performances of *The King and I* opposite Yul Brynner.

The IHP chose a decidedly narrower theme for a more recent semester: "Film, Television and Social Change in Asia." The literature promised that students would meet the directors Satyajit Ray, Shohei Imamura and Chen



Kaige in their native countries, and that the program would enable students to "arrive at a deeper appreciation of film and video as *arts* and an understanding of the source and implications of the overwhelming popularity of film and television." (Never mind that such an understanding can just as easily be arrived at by reading *People* or eavesdropping at the beauty parlor.)

The faculty leader of the trip, a journeyman philosophy professor and aspiring filmmaker named William Rothman, was himself embarking on a tortured escape from Western civilization, according to Will Baum, a film student at Vassar who signed up for the semester. "Rothman had somewhere decided that the road he had taken, Harvard and Western civilization, was not for him," a bitter-sounding Baum says. "Having rejected Western education, he was not really equipped to teach Western students about the Orient. His wife, Kitty, who was sort of along, would actually say when people complained, 'Bill's a genius. Don't argue with him. Bill's a genius.'"

Rothman and his wife were also otherwise occupied with making their own independent film: a fictional account of an American junior-year-abroad program in India. When Baum and his classmates realized that the program was going to give them little in the way of education, they more or less resigned themselves to a lengthy Eastern vacation. For example, instead of staying with families in India as was planned, many students rented hotel rooms along the very excellent beaches near Trivandrum. To Baum's relief, the program's meager academic requirements—five papers totaling a combined 15 pages ("I basically copied stuff out of my journals," he says)—were sufficient for Vassar to grant him a full semester's worth of credit.

Class, Let Us Be Getting Naked, Yes?

THE CHARACTER OF THE ROGUE PROFESSOR, ROTHMAN BEING ONE EXAMPLE, recurs throughout the lore of study abroad. But Rothman's detachment is the exception; more often, the disenchanted academic seeks to *embrace* his students. Deborah Myers-Weinstein, a Mount Holyoke graduate who spent

an autumn semester in Provence, remembers that her creative-writing professor, an expatriate American poet who had moved permanently to the south of France, tended to bring bottles of wine to class, resulting in what Myers-Weinstein describes as

"So we'd get up, always go to class about two hours late, have lunch for two hours..."

Puppetry "Play production for the puppet stage." *University of Connecticut*

The Threat of Nuclear War—Looking for Creative Responses "The topic will be examined from a wide range of perspectives, including factors generally in the forefront of attention to nuclear arms and war, as well as underlying dimensions of human existence that bear upon them...." *Brown University*

What I Want. What I Can. "...How individuals adapt to forces—social, political and religious pressures for conformity, demands from loved ones—that compel them to alter their expectations." *Barnard College*

Welsh Heroic Poetry to 1282 *Harvard University*

Psychology of Close Relationships "...The course will emphasize processes of understanding, feeling, and communication in love relationships and friendships...." *Oberlin College*

Intimacy: How to Experience It and How to Cope With Its Absence "...Sometimes relationships end and it's hard to trust one's self or another again." *Iona College*

Seminar on States of Consciousness "A consideration of conditions giving rise to disruptions of awareness...." *Vassar College*

Religion and the Paranormal "...The course attempts to acquaint the student with the discoveries the science of psychological research or parapsychology has made in the area of ESP-telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition, and PK-psychokinesis...." *St. Bonaventure University*

Science Fiction Film "This course focuses on post-war American science fiction film as a cultural and ideological product.... Screenings may include: *Them!*, *The Thing*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, *Blade Runner*, *The Terminator*, and *La Jetée*." *Hobart and William Smith Colleges*



Men and Masculinity "This course allows men and women to come to a deeper understanding of men as men." *Hobart and William Smith Colleges*

Toward a Socialist America: Approaches to Radical Change in Society "A collectively taught and student-organized course, TSA confronts the traditional character of teacher-student relations by rotating teaching responsibilities. The course challenges the hierarchy, oppression and exploitation in modern American culture with a variety of critical analyses and alternative proposals....Projects have included guerrilla theater, community organizing and campus activism." *Wesleyan University*

Basic Mime "Emphasis will be given to such areas as movement illusions, group illusions, and comedic technique for mime." *Loyola University of Chicago*

Advanced Mime "Emphasis will be given to such areas as variations in mime styles, control of weight in space, and creation of solo mimes." *Loyola University of Chicago*

Badminton I "Helps students acquire the fundamental skills of badminton....Content includes offensive and defensive skills, singles and doubles strategy and play, rules and etiquette." *Ithaca College*

Badminton II "An extension of Badminton I." *Ithaca College*

Stream Fishing "Designed to provide an understanding of angling as a wholesome outdoor activity with long-range, carry-over value....Student must provide own chest waders or hip boots...." *Ithaca College*

Meal Management "Organization and management of time, energy, finance, and nutrition in planning and preparing family meals." *Brigham Young University*

Art and the Child "Two and three dimensional laboratory experiences in drawing, painting, graphics, sculpture, and crafts appropriate in later use with children." *University of Georgia*



"drunken poetry recitals."

Similarly, a Sarah Lawrence graduate who studied art in Italy recalls an expatriate American professor whose teaching methodology consisted entirely of "coming to class drunk and talking about all the famous people he knew." This woman says that she and her fellow students applied what they learned outside the classroom. "You've got to go over and have fun," she says. "So we'd get up, always go to class about two hours late, have lunch for two hours, not do any work, and go out till two in the morning. Really, I just drank a lot of wine."

Ah, and when zayr ees zee wine, zayr must also be—l'amour, no? Alumni of Stanford's Florence program, for example, speak excitedly of "a language teacher who was just hot for all the Stanford men."

Berlin, Land of 31 Flavors

SINCE ORGANIZED FOREIGN STUDY HAS ITS ORIGINS IN LANGUAGE STUDY, one would imagine that most modern programs operated in the native tongue of the host country. But in fact, a sizable number of programs are conducted completely in English, and with minimal cultural exchange with the natives. Students in Florida State University's Florence program are housed in their own dormitory and are taught almost entirely by imported Florida State faculty. In other words, they pay \$4,000 to simulate Tallahassee in Tuscany. Stanford University offers libraries and student-center facilities in every city in which it runs a foreign-study program, and limited numbers of dorm rooms in some of them. The Stanford villa in Florence is especially known for its plush, four-star accommodations and splendid food, both good reasons not to bother with exploring the city and meeting the locals. At mealtime, students are served by Italian waiters in white jackets.

Students, of course, need no encouragement to gravitate toward whatever is most American in the foreign lands to which they have journeyed. Mark Tompkins, who participated in Stanford's Berlin program, says that the U.S. Army base near Stanford's Berlin villa—which features a Laundromat, a Burger King, a Baskin-Robbins and a theater that shows first-run American movies—proved too tempting to some of his classmates, who eventually abandoned all pretense of wanting to learn anything about Germany. "You had these guys who'd just go out and drink amongst themselves at various American-themed bars and clubs that sort of catered to servicemen," he says. "It's real easy to go [to the base] and go to the Burger King and go to the movies—I mean, God forbid you should ever go to a movie in *German*." Even the few Stanford students who made an effort to get to know the city found themselves mired in hopelessly American activities. "Stanford students [who've been on the program] will tell you, 'Oh, yeah, there's this really cool place in the Turkish neighborhood,' and word gets out," says Tompkins. "And when you finally get to the place, all you see are other Stanford students."

Continental Drift

IT IS A SHAME THAT TODAY'S YOUTH—AND TOMORROW'S LEADERS—KNOW SO little about our bauxite-rich ally in the southern latitudes, Australia. Fortunately, a number of programs exist for Americans interested in pursuing the very worthwhile field of Australian Studies. J. D. Rehm, a graduate of Holy Cross College, spent an educationally slight semester in Australia several winters ago—at the height of America's fleeting, *Crocodile Dundee*—driven infatuation with things Aussie—under the aegis of Warnborough College, an English school located in Oxford but having nothing to do with Oxford University. Warnborough's president is a man actually named Brendan Tempest-Mogg. "It was the fall of my junior year,

and I hadn't planned on going away," says Rehm, "but a friend of mine who worked in the foreign-study office came across what looked like a travel brochure." The brochure, full of photos of white beaches and exotic flora, touted a brand-new program that entailed visiting several cities and writing the occasional four-page paper. To Rehm and his friend this bespoke one thing: *Beach-o-rama!* The two classmates enlisted another two friends to join them and, after some pleading with the deans at Holy Cross, set out for Australia in January—summertime in the Southern Hemisphere.

It didn't take long for Rehm and the other nine Americans on the Warnborough program's maiden voyage to discover that it was an even more egregious academic dodge than they had anticipated. Told that they would be allowed to use facilities at the Universities of Queensland and Sydney, Rehm and company assumed that they would study at these institutions; instead they were merely granted library access at each, as well as lodging at Queensland. "The different lecturers who came to speak to us kept expressing surprise that we were Americans, as opposed to Oxford University students," says Rehm. "Finally we asked one of them why he thought we were from Oxford, and he said the program coordinators had told him so."

Spirits undampened, the ten Americans decided to flout the few academic and disciplinary guidelines laid down by the program. "The days consisted of doing something like go to the local mint, watch them print money, then hit the beach in the afternoon," Rehm says. One student handed in a paper written entirely in crayon; another was nearly expelled from the country for drunken and disorderly conduct. "In terms of academic culture, it's not the place to go," says Rehm. "But it was a hell of a lot of fun."

Myers-Weinstein, who enjoyed her Provence semester enough to sign up

for an Australian semester immediately afterward, feels the same way about her rigor-free junior year, and encourages others to do as she did. Graduating on time, she says, is no problem: "If you can bullshit and make it seem like you had a great learning experience and improved your knowledge on some subject, then they're generally happy to give you credits." ☺



The U.S. Army base near Stanford's Berlin villa features a Burger King and first-run American movies

Pleasure Horse Appreciation and Use

"Open to all University students interested in pleasure horses. The principles of horse management are included as well as instruction in riding." *University of Connecticut*

Questions of Travel "As travel, changing locations, and leaving home are central experiences for more and more people in the modern era, the differences in the ways we travel, the reasons for our movements, and the terms of our participation in this dynamic are complex...." *Georgetown University*

Self Discovery Through Journal Writing

"A series of brief lectures on the stages of psycho-social development will be followed by journal writing and discussion...." *Iona College*

Personal Appearance and Social Power

"Theory of social power is used to analyze the effects of personal appearance on social interaction...." *Indiana University*

Gender-Specific Perspectives of Birth Control

"In most societies human fertility control responsibility rests predominantly with women. Is this desirable and realistic, or should changes be instituted?..." *Stanford University*

Insects and Man

"Designed to acquaint the non-biology major with our dependence on and interaction with insects in today's world." *University of Georgia*

Rope Jumping (Single Rope)

"...Theory and techniques progress from basic to fancy, developing hand-to-foot coordination essential to all sports." *University of Nevada at Las Vegas*

The Virtues of Vice

"...We will discuss competing conceptions of some alleged vices—among them, lying, lust, cowardice, jealousy and avarice—in an effort to articulate the relationship between ethics and ideology...." *Hampshire College*

Driving Range Instruction

"Methods and techniques...including tracking, turns, parking and turnabouts with a special emphasis in accident avoidance; all in a controlled environment." *St. Joseph's College* ☺



Amis 'n' Indy

**Martin Amis vs. John Updike;
Indiana Jones Peels Out;
Bogart Revisited**
by James Collins

Drouth? Reviewing *Dream Deceivers: The Story Behind James Vance vs. Judas Priest*, a film that concerns the lawsuit brought against a heavy-metal band—Priest—by two families who claimed the group's music caused their sons to shoot themselves, Graham Fuller of *Interview* said the documentary "provides a nightmare glimpse into Middle America's spiritual drouth." Really? It doth?

In *Time*, Richard Lacayo wrote about William Wegman, who is famous for photographing his weimaraners Man Ray and Fay Ray. Man Ray, Lacayo said, "is by now the most famous artist's model since Alfred Stieglitz picked up the scent of Georgia O'Keeffe." Those Village bohemians, you see, neglected personal hygiene. Lacayo explained the appeal of Wegman's photographs like this: "Fay Ray's charm is the way she gets the last laugh, even when wrapped in aluminum foil, by facing down the camera with her own impenetrable self-enclosure." Fay Ray gets the last laugh? Impenetrable self-enclosure? Mr. Lacayo! *Fay Ray is a dog.*

What would happen, asked the irrepressible Dorothy Rabinowitz on the op-ed page of *The Wall Street Journal*, if the newly rereleased *Casablanca* were made today? Well, it might go something like this: When Rick is asked why he came to Casablanca, instead of answering, "For the waters," he would reply, according to Rabinowitz, "I came to find out who I really am...what aspects of my humanity are limited by my maleness." Rabinowitz's satire of

inner-childisms had all the freshness and lightness of touch of the Spanish Inquisition. I was confused, however, when she allowed that these days, Rick would say, "I really admire you for that. You must feel a real sense of empowerment." Only inches away from Rabinowitz's bit of trifle, the *Journal* used the word *empowerment* in its completely unironic, Jack Kemp-ian sense—an editorial praised Margaret Thatcher for her "uplifting message of personal choice and individual empowerment." Such a contradiction did not arise in *Vogue*, where Joan Juliet Buck also discussed *Casablanca*. Buck wrote, "When [Ilsa] says to Rick, 'I don't know what's right any longer,' it's a real cry from the heart and more interesting than if she said 'God, I'm so conflicted' or 'Feel your pain, Rick, let it go.'" While *Vogue's* editorial that month unironically mentioned pastel tulle and Rifat Ozbek's theory of fringe, it did not refer to conflictedness or pain or Margaret Thatcher.



Illustration by Michael Witte

In *New York*, art critic Kay Larson wrote about William Harnett, a nineteenth-century American painter famous for his trompe l'oeil still lifes. Discussing her favorite picture of Harnett's, Larson said that the "trompe l'oeil 'gee whiz effect' fools only the eye." So trompe l'oeil *fools the eye*—a novel interpretation. But what is the French for "gee whiz effect"?

Last spring George Gilder wrote a long, not wholly uninteresting review of *The Conservative Crack-Up*, by R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., for *The American Spectator* (R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., proprietor). He liked it. Gilder praised Tyrrell's "uproarious wit and transilient trenchancy." He wrote that "Mencken never launched a work that combined hilarity with the profound insight and penetration of *The Conservative Crack-Up*." This is why authors hire clipping services—you'd hate to miss a rave like this one from an obscure little publication like *The American Spectator*.

Some months ago the *New York Times* Book Review ran a historically caustic notice of a book by John Updike, America's literary archangel. Writing about Updike's recent collection of criticism, *Odd Jobs*, Martin Amis called him a "psychotic Santa of volubility" and described the 919-page book as Updike's "fourth cuboid volume of higher journalism." He made fun of Updike's boundless magnanimity and patience, his dutiful good cheer as "the supposed masterworks are heaping up on the mat, from Chile, from Paraguay, from Austria, from Albania." Amis neglected to say "from England": Updike has now reviewed Amis's latest novel, *Time's Arrow*, in *The New Yorker*, many months after its publication.

The review began just as Amis

would have expected—the first book Updike discussed that week was by Manuel Puig, an Argentinian. As for Amis, Updike was magnanimous: He said Amis "inherited his father's wicked wit," and called *Time's Arrow* "a work of impressive intensity and virtuosity." When he did offer criticism, the forbearing Updike said mildly that *Time's Arrow* "somehow misses."

Updike did prick slightly, however. Amis had leftishly scoffed at an essay about Vietnam called "On Not Being a Dove" that Updike included in his autobiography (Amis did not mention that Updike had quoted the queer lefty English poet W. H. Auden to support his views). In turn, Updike remarked that Amis has

developed "an agitated liberal conscience." At a huge cost of effort and imagination, Amis made time run from present to past in his book. Updike wrote that while listening to public radio in his car, he heard Amis—"as best I understood"—discussing his hero's soul: "Why this ousted soul has been directed and empowered to traverse...life backward, I didn't hear explained, alas. Perhaps I had to stop for gas, or the driver behind me was leaning on his horn." This dismissiveness of Amis's painstaking tour de force was wonderfully cruel, and Amis should be pleased that his criticism may have taken some effect. Finally, Updike said the younger author's works indicate that he is "ominously fascinated" by the "convenient category of the less than human—invoked by righteous propaganda at most of the high moments of twentieth-century massacre." Hitler. Stalin. Amis.

Richard Schickel of *Time* wins this month's Extended Metaphor Award. Here is the opening paragraph of his *Patriot Games* review:

Harrison Ford is like one of those sports cars that advertise acceleration from 0 to 60 m.p.h. in three or four seconds. He can go from slightly broody inaction to ferocious reaction in approximately the same time span. And he handles the tight turns and corkscrew twists of a suspense story without losing his balance or leaving skid marks on the film. But maybe the best and most interesting thing about him is that he doesn't look particularly sleek, quick or powerful; until something or somebody causes him to gun his engine, he projects the seemly aura of the family sedan.

Schickel's ability to keep this going is just plain impressive—like a seal balancing a ball on its nose for a full minute—and he should be thanked for resisting the temptation to call that family sedan "a Ford." But my imagination fails me when I try to think what skid marks on a film would look like.

Something about *Patriot Games* brings out the automotive imagery in reviewers. In his review of the film for *The New Yorker*, Terrence Rafferty wrote, "As entertainment machines, [Tom] Clancy's books aren't models of efficiency. They're built for comfort, not for speed; they're big old American gas-guzzlers, stately and solid." But it works both ways. Here's the opening paragraph from a recent story in *Motor Trend* comparing the Honda Accord with the new Toyota Camry:

It could be a classic Hollywood tale: the popular veteran challenged by the aggressive and attractive new kid. To add another big-screen twist, both are American-born offspring of once-struggling but now-prosperous immigrants. And the prize they both seek would make a movie mogul drop his cigar. This certain box-office winner isn't about gunfighters, pool players, or boxers; it's about family sedans.

No, no—the *Celica* as the challenger, the Camry as best friend. ☺

George Gilder reviewed *The Conservative Crack-Up*, by Emmett Tyrrell, for *The American Spectator* (Emmett Tyrrell, proprietor). Gilder liked it.

God's Minstrel Show

Political Correctness Not Spoken Here

by Edward Zuckerman

It was right after they auctioned off the walking stick made from a castrated bull's penis that I encountered the surprising humor of J. Garland McKee. This was in Harrogate, Tennessee, where I had gone to attend a cattle auction. The night before the sale, the owner of the cattle hosted a gala beef dinner for buyers. The auctioneer brought out the walking stick over dessert. To encourage a mood of high-bidding levity, our host bought it himself for \$500. Then he introduced the after-dinner speaker, McKee, a 61-year-old white Baptist minister from Greenville, Mississippi, who performs what he is pleased to describe as "southern Negro humor in dialect."

That's the amazing thing about America: Sometimes you cannot tell what year it is.

The evening I'm describing—set under an open-sided tent in a cow pasture within sight of the Cumberland Gap—was just months ago, well into our modern era of racial sensitivity, correct expression and general tetchiness. Even so, McKee told the cattle people, "I've never been shot at. I've never even been threatened." That's because, he said, he always takes care to explain the *spirit* in which he does what he does:

"I do not do this to make fun of the Negro, but rather to have fun *with* him. Because I know, and you people here in the Southland know, that the southern Negro is natural-born the funniest human being that God ever put on this earth. And that ain't *agin* him; that's *fer* him. And I've tried to keep alive that warm, natural humor that only the southern Negro possesses."

What McKee does is tell stories. The first one he told in Harrogate concerned two black men meeting

on the street. "They'd not seen each other for a long time, and their conversation started out like this...."

Then McKee's voice utterly transformed itself into the voices of two rural southern blacks, one screechy, the other calm. Mere typography cannot do justice, but the story—and the voices—went something like this:

"Say, how you doin'?"

"Oh, mans, ah'm doin' aw reet. How you doin'?"

"Say man, ah'm doin' good. You know, I ain't seen you in fo'teen yeahs....Is you married?"

"Is ah what?"

"Is you *married*?"

"Ooh, mans, ah be's muchly married."

"Has you got any chil'ren?"

"Got nine chil'ren."

"*Nine* chil'ren?"

"Ah sho is."

"Man, what kind of wife has you got anyhow?"

"Ah got an angel."

"You got a *what*?"

"Ah got an angel for a wife, man."

"Ooh, man, you sho lucky. *Mahn's* still livin'."

This evoked much laughter and thumping on tables, and McKee carried on. In some of his stories, the black characters were simple:

A black man tells a census taker that he and his wife have three children and won't have any more, because he's read that "every fo'th baby born in the world be Chinese. We got three, and we sho ain't gonna have any Chinamen."

In others, the black protagonists were possessed of wry folk wisdom:

A man asks his best friend if he'd give him half his wealth if he had a million dollars. *Sure*, the friend replies. The man asks if he'd give him 50 bales of cotton if he had 100. Again, the friend replies that he would. The man then asks if, if he had two hogs, he'd give him one of them. "Aw, shoot, man," his friend replies, "you *knows* ah got two hogs."

In every story, McKee did all the voices, employing what he says is his natural, God-given gift of speaking like the blacks who were his childhood neighbors in the Mississippi Delta. "It just comes out," he said. "It's just there. It has always been there. If I didn't have a strand of blond in my hair, they'd be checking back on me where I came from, I guarantee it."

He wrapped up his performance with a short sermon on the

Good Samaritan and an announcement that tapes of his performances, titled *Laughin' With 'Em* (Volumes I and II), were available for \$10 apiece. He said that he was thinking about doing a video.

The next afternoon, after the



Negro impersonator J. Garland McKee

auction, I met McKee and his wife, June, at Shoney's. McKee, whose day job is director of evangelism for the Mississippi Baptist Convention, began our conversation by letting me know that I could come to Jesus and enjoy eternal life instead of an eternity in hell, for which I thanked him. Then he ordered a nonfat whipped-fruit sundae, and I asked him if, despite his careful disclaimers that he meant no disrespect to the Negro, some members of his audience might take his performances in a meaner spirit.

He said he supposed some did, but none had ever mentioned it.

On the other hand, he acknowledged, there had been "four or five occasions" since he first began performing (in 1957) "where I sensed or knew for sure there was resentment of what I did." A white college student had complained "that she thought I was making fun of and downing the blacks," but that was only because she'd misunderstood the *spirit* of his performance. More troubling had been a "hypersensitive" black deacon in an otherwise all-white Austin, Texas, church who was profoundly offended. But that ended happily when the deacon flew to Houston to meet with McKee, and the two talked and prayed together, and they parted "arm in arm," as McKee recalls it.

Happier still was McKee's 1988 performance before a large black audience in Detroit.

"Detroit?" I asked.

McKee nodded. Detroit. Until then he'd always performed in the South, before groups that were all or mostly white. But one day he got a call from Rev. Jim Holley of the Little Rock Baptist Church in Detroit. Holley had been on a church tour of Israel when he'd ridden in a tour bus whose Arab driver played McKee's tapes on his PA system (McKee had ridden on the bus several years before). Holley liked what he heard. He called McKee and told him he could tell that his *spirit* was right and that he

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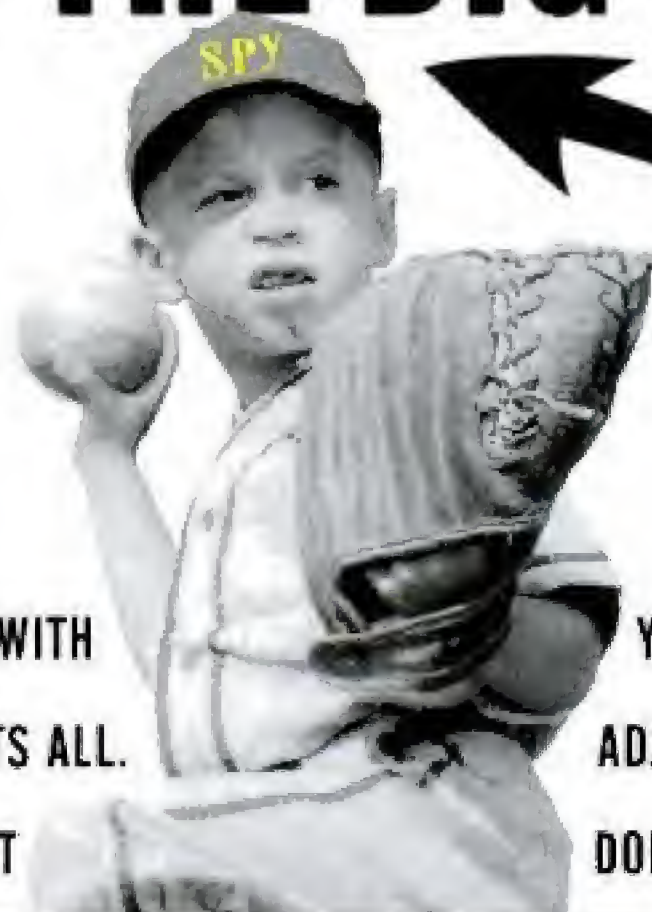
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wanted him to "do his thing" at Holley's birthday dinner in Detroit.

This made June nervous. And McKee's mother "just almost went into orbit," McKee said. "To even think that her baby would go to Detroit to do this Negro-dialect bit....She just knew I'd be lynched."

A few weeks later, McKee and June found themselves in a Detroit restaurant with 318 black people. "There were seven whites," he told me. "One was a president of a college. One was a Jewish attorney for that black preacher."

Holley asked McKee to open by singing a medley of Negro spirituals (he usually closes that way). McKee did, and he sensed that the crowd was with him. Then he told his stories, doing his voices; the crowd laughed. The emcee, another minister, was so tickled, he stood up and stamped around, slapping his side. McKee got up in Shoney's to show me how. Then he ordered another nonfat fruit sundae. In parting, he prayed I would go to Jesus.

I telephoned the Little Rock Baptist Church to confirm McKee's account. Holley told me he couldn't stop laughing when he heard McKee's tapes on that bus in Israel. He said he *still* listens to those tapes. "I'm more radical than everybody," he said. "I came out of the civil-rights movement. And I appreciate the art that God has given him [McKee]. He's not making fun. Sometimes we hate to look at ourselves as we were. But there's some beauty in that way of speaking."

After McKee performed at his dinner, Holley said, "five or six people grumbled that they didn't appreciate it, that they thought he was making fun. But he got a standing ovation; 95 percent of the people laughed till they cried."

One of the grumblers was apparently the church receptionist who put me through to Holley. "I didn't care much for it," she said, without a trace of southern Negro dialect. "I think there were pretty mixed feelings about what he calls humor." ☾

Privatize This!

Elitist Drivel Reeking With Sarcasm

by Roy Blount Jr.

I confess. I am a member of the cultural elite that both J. Dan Quayle and H. Ross Perot so rightly regard as scum. For one thing, I persist in putting initials in front of the names of our preeminent real American spokesmen.

I must think I know everything. Does our vice president claim to be a know-it-all? No. He didn't even try to pull that crap in college. And I was struck by what one nonelitist Atlanta businessman said recently about Perot: "He's said, 'I don't know anything about that,' when he's pressed on an issue, and that's something I've never heard a politician say. To me, that's the essence of personal integrity."

Perot has made it abundantly clear that he believes in America. That's not enough for my ilk. We just won't get with the program, unless it is some public-television documentary that glorifies deviants.

I don't recall ever having actually defaced a Norman Rockwell calendar, but I wouldn't put it past me. I probably resent my parents for being two people of different sexes—I probably have a smirk on my face right this minute—and if I had the nerve, I daresay I would *personally* distribute condoms to schoolchildren.

Free. That's the worst of it. Somewhere deep down inside my ugly psyche, communism is evidently not the filthy rotting corpse that even Albanians now concede it to be. Because the truth is, I wouldn't have the simple human decency to try to prove I could make corruption of the young profitable.

This is going to sicken you, but I have even had negative thoughts about the Edison Project, which has set out to prove the perfectly commonsense proposition that the main

thing wrong with public education is that it isn't part of the private sector.

Maybe I was warped forever by un-Americanism instilled in me by public-school teachers who shamelessly accepted salaries funded by taxes. Also, I know for a fact that I am still upset over an argument I lost back in the late 1970s to Chris Whittle, the Knoxville entrepreneur who conceived the Edison Project.

Whittle was publisher of *Esquire* at the time, and I sometimes wrote for that magazine. And I guess I was drunk on the pestilent fumes emanating from a Democratic White House. (I know how unlikely it sounds today, but in that dark time the president and all of his handlers belonged to the party of welfare schemers and of *congressmen*.) So I had the temerity to talk money with him. When he complained that writers were abandoning magazine

work to write for the movies, I took the position that magazines might slow this exodus by paying writers better. Freelance writing, I contended, was a shaky way to make a living: If a story wasn't to a magazine's satisfaction, the writer didn't get paid, except for maybe a negligible kill fee.

But his corporate entity was the one taking the real risk, Whittle said: an investment of millions.


But while his company was risking that money, I argued, he was drawing a salary from it. He was getting paid. He could eat. Whereas the writer was just *hoping* to get paid. It seemed to me that the writer at least ought to be able to hope for enough money to survive from one story to the next. (I now realize that I was out of touch with basic American values.)

Forget the need factor, I said. Surely it stood to reason, capitalistically, that if a magazine paid better, it would get better writing.

Then Whittle hit me with his clincher—he'd had studies made, he said, and none of them showed that the quality of the writing in a magazine had any bearing on its financial success.

So. Looking back on it now, of course, I realize that Whittle had put his finger on *why* we creative elitist vipers gnaw at the bosoms of all those Americans who know how to get things done. Deep down, we know we aren't really worth any money to anybody.

We probably started going wrong when we tried to learn too much in school.

In May I quoted some privately circulated funny lines that I now learn should have been credited to a Longstreet Press book, *You Might Be a Redneck If...*, by Jeff Foxworthy. It is for sale widely, along with a sequel, *Red Ain't Dead*. 

**I don't recall
ever having
actually defaced a
Norman Rockwell
calendar, but
I wouldn't put
it past me**

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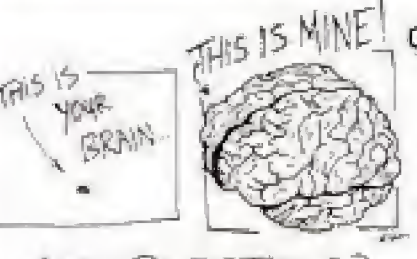
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Page 53: Albert Coya/The Miami Herald (Wackenhut as pirate); The Miami Herald (Mrs. Wackenhut, house).

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Page 73: Archive Photos (cheerleader).

Page 74: H. Armstrong Roberts (drummer).

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Even if this photograph did not exist, Ted Turner would be our choice for American Billionaire Most Likely to Own a Fez.



The Walt Disney Studios' widely despised Jeff "Sparky" Katzenberg: a man without a Gap ad.

PARTY POOP.



BOB GUCCIONE
MAY 13 - 24

"WHY SHOULD I PAY ALL THAT MONEY WHEN I CAN JUST MAKE IT MYSELF IN THE GARAGE?"

Ultra-seventies dudes and vanity artists Bob "Chagall" Guccione and Dennis "Kilroy" Hopper pose awkwardly in front of their wares (priced from \$1,500 and \$18,000, respectively) at their recent New York gallery openings.



BUSINESS AS USUAL

While any other man might look foolish trying to chat up a woman while she is standing on a chair and wearing hot pants, turbomanly Don Simpson, the cosmetically labor-intensive former producer, somehow manages to look like it's something he does every day. The setting: a charity auction for Hale House at Laura Belle, sponsored by (in case you were wondering how Simpson fit in) the NEXT modeling agency.



THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PBS
Professional bon vivant and *faux* gentleman farmer Charlie Rose chose an evening out with Brooke Astor to debut his new John-Cleese-as-Julius-Caesar hairdo.



At a Fragrance Foundation benefit, one of those publicity events to which Michael Jackson is so fond of renting himself, the overpaid and overhauled Pepsi creature commands brownnosing deadbeat Donald Trump to keep a respectful distance.



AIR PIANO? OR AN HOMAGE TO BORIS KARLOFF? *From top left, washed-up rap poseur Vanilla Ice, durable Eurotrash figure Alecko Papamarkou, scary-looking scary novelist Stephen King and Saturday Night Live fat guy Chris Farley.*



MEET ME AT STRINGFELLOWS

At *faux-eighties* nightclub Tatou, Indian cable-television hostess Asha Puthli and party girl turned swimwear designer Carmen d'Alessio either (a) impersonate nightcrawling Siamese twins or (b) stage an ultratasteful impromptu midriff-bulge-athon.



PLOT IDEA FOR A NEW TWILIGHT ZONE: Confusion and mayhem ensue when one day the unsuspecting Burt Reynolds suddenly realizes he's stuck on an endless carousel ride with the wrong stiletto-wearing, mammoth-chested blond doxy.

PARTY POOP.



Almost-out-the-door NBC employee David Letterman and former NBC employee Connie Chung: At GE, no one can hear you scream.



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HIDDEN IN THESE PICTURES:
(1) the armchair that collapsed when jumbo movie critic and Cannes floater Roger Ebert (at right) sat in it; (2) the new French-intellectual look favored by *Basic Instinct* patsy Michael Douglas (seen here apparently discussing his craft with ultra-shiny Jean-Claude Van Damme); (3) the eating utensil gorgeous *Basic Instinct* monster Sharon Stone uses as an aid to makeup application.

*P*ORTRAITS of PLEASURE

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